THE TRAGEDY OF MUSTAPHA, The Son of SOLYMAN THE Magnificent.

Written by
The Right Honourable the Earl of *ORRERY*.

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MDCCXXXIV.

The Perſons.

Solyman the Magnificent.		Mr. *Betterton*.
Muſtapha, and *Zanger*,	His Sons.	Mr. *Harris*. Mr. *Smith*.
Ruſtan, and *Pyrrhus*,	*Viſier Baſſaws*.	Mr. *Samford*. Mr. *Norris*.
Haly, and *Achmat*,	Eunuch *Baſſaws*.	Mr. *Cadiman*. Mr. *James Noke*.
The King of *Hungary* an Infant.		
The *Cardinal of Veradium*.		Mr. *Young*.
Thuricus, and *Viche*,	*Hungarian* Lords.	Mr. *Medburn*. Mr. *Aingel*.

Roxolana, *Solyman's* Wife.		Mrs. *Betterton*.
Queen of *Hungary*.		Mrs. *Davis*.
Zarma, and *Mirza*,	*Roxolana's* Women.	Mrs. *Long*. Mrs. *Norris*.
Cleora, Queen of *Hungary's* Woman.		Mrs. *Shadwel*.

The *Sultan's* Guards.
Mutes.
Pages.
And other Attendants.

MUSTAPHA

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 OCT 58

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MUSTAPHA

The Son of *Solyman* the Magnificent.

ACT I.

Solyman's *Camp and his Pavilion.*

Enter Solyman, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus, *and the Sultan's Guards.*

RUSTAN.

WHAT Influence, mighty Sultan, rules the Day,
And ſtops your courſe where glory leads the way?
Th'*Hungarian* Armies haſten from the Field,
And *Buda* waits for your approach to yield;
Yet you ſeem doubtful what you are to do,
And turn from Triumphs when they follow you.

Pyrrh. We at the Sun's one moment's reſt ſhould more
Admire than at his glorious Courſe before.
Glory, like Time, progreſſion does require,
When it does ceaſe t'advance, it does expire.

Soly. You both miſtake; my Glory is the Cauſe
That in my Conqueſt I have made this pauſe;
Whilſt *Hungary* did pow'rful Foes afford,
I thought her Ruin worthy of my Sword;

But now the War does ſeem too low a thing,
Againſt a Mourning Queen, and Infant King;
Pyrrhus, it will unequal ſeem in me
To Conquer, and then bluſh at Victory.

Ruſt. None but the Conquer'd ſhould have ſenſe of Shame,
Shall ſhows of Virtue darken your bright Fame?
Succeſs does cover all the Crimes of War,
And Fame and Virtue ſtill conſiſtent are.
In lazy Peace let Chriſtian Monarchs ruſt,
Who think no War, but what's defenſive, juſt.
Our valiant Prophet did by Slaughter riſe:
Conqueſt a part of our Religion is.

Pyrrh. He in his holy War ſounds no Retreat,
Accounting none Religious but the Great;
His Martyrs, not by yielding, Glory gain;
They t'other World, by conquering this, obtain.

Soly. To *Rome* I will my dreadful Enſigns lead,
Rome which was once the Univerſal Head,
Which ſtill the World's important part controuls;
Once ſhe gave Laws to Kingdoms, now to Souls.
To that great Conqueſt my Deſigns I bend,
This Kingdom is my Way and not my End,
Which now, ſince too much ſcar'd by my Alarms,
Seems worthier of my Pity than my Arms.

Ruſt. Since *Rome* did once the Univerſe ſubdue,
'Tis now the only Conqueſt fit for you;
But he who Conqueſts wiſely has deſign'd,
Does never leave an Enemy behind.
Though all that Heav'n e'er finiſh'd in a Man,
Is now in you, yet Heav'n's great Agent can
Proceed but as the Inſtrument of Fate,
To work out Conqueſts, not at once Create;
Beginnings ſhould to th' End ſtill uſeful be;
'Tis more to uſe than gain a Victory.

Pyrrh. The Sword muſt end what Valour has begun,
Leſt you diſgrace what is already done;
Your Foes would think if you ſhould now relent,
That you of Conqueſts as of Crimes repent.
When your bright Creſcents are to *Buda* ſhewn,
'Tis but a ſtep to the *Hungarian* Crown;
Your Preſence lower than their Knees will bring
Th' *Hungarian* Priests to offer up their King.

When

When by that proof your Conquest is confest,
Dispose of him by rules of Interest.

Soly. Bear then my Standard before *Buda*'s Walls,
I should not stop my Ears when Glory calls;
Since there the Foe all his Reserves does make,
In taking *Buda* I the Kingdom take.
Call the *Divan*, let them consult with you,
What with the Infant King is fit to do. [*Exe. the two Bashaws.*
Divans like Common-wealths regard not Fame,
Disdaining Honour they can feel no Shame;
Each does, for what the publick safety call,
Venture his Virtue in behalf of all,
Doing by Pow'r what Nature does forbid,
Each hoping, amongst all, that he is hid,
Hidden, because they on each other wink,
When they dare act what Monarchs scorn to think. [*Exit.*

Enter Isabella, *Queen of* Hungaria *in Mourning*, Cleora, Thuricus, Viche, *and Attendants.*

Thur. In the *Hungarian* Council does appear
Disorder vary'd in all shapes of Fear.

Viche. And in their Looks too clearly I descry,
They'l rather tamely yield than bravely die.

Queen. But yet the Remedy by Death remains.
When that may free them, will they carry Chains?
Their Souls are with their Armies overcome,
They who the Bulwark were of Christendom,
Shall now be made at once their Scorn and Shame:
'Tis less to lose their Country than their Fame.
But tho' the frighted States should yield the Town,
I am resolv'd ne'er to resign the Crown:
My Care of that, and my Neglect of Life,
Are Signs that I have been your Monarch's Wife.

Thur. The Death of that great King for whom you mourn,
Did our advancing Empire backward turn;
The *Turks* may now the Christian World out-brave,
Since all our Hearts lie buried in his Grave.

Enter the Cardinal of Veradium.

Card. The Sultan's Army covers *Buda*'s Hills,
Which our consulting States with Terror fills,
Who hearing he to such has Mercy shewn,
As, timely yielding, did his Wrath atone;

They will a ſudden Preſent to him bring,
Worth more than all their Lives, our Infant King.

Queen. Give up the King! in that Reſolve I ſee
Th' *Hungarians* now are ripe for Slavery;
The Prince, who from your King his Birth did take,
Shall not a Part of *Turkiſh* Triumph make;
Death may, but Fear ſhall never caſt me down:
Who yields, does ne'er deſerve to wear a Crown;
Death ſhall us both in the firſt Breach relieve,
We'll die, ſince in the Throne we cannot live.

Thur. Ah Madam, that which you have now deſign'd,
Does more become your Fortune than your Mind;
Let not your Virtue teach you Cruelty.

Queen. 'Tis worſe to merit Death, than 'tis to die:
A Queen who does reſign her Son and State,
Does uſe her ſelf, worſe than ſhe's us'd by Fate.

Card. Since now the States your broken Armies pay,
The Orders of the States they will obey;
And what they have reſolv'd, they ſoon will do,
Therefore my Counſel, Madam, pray purſue;
Since they have prov'd ſo falſe and ſo unjuſt,
Turn what they make Neceſſity to Truſt;
Send the Crown Jewels, and the Infant King
To *Roxolana* as an Offering:
Subdue that Beauty which the Victor ſways,
With what the Great are ſooneſt conquer'd, Praiſe;
Extol her Virtue, and her Mercy move,
By all the Charms of Pity and of Love;
In gaining her you make the Sultan ſure,
A deſparate Ill can have no common Cure.
Whilſt with applauſe high Minds you higher raiſe,
You make them virtuous to make good your Praiſe.

Queen. The States, not I, this Counſel may eſteem,
'Twill make me do what I abhor'd in them;
If by their Cowardice I am deſtroy'd,
I'll bravely meet what I in vain avoid;
Ah! 'tis enough my Fate to undergo.
Muſt I the Patient be, and Agent too?
'Tis hazardous on th' Empreſs to rely,
Iby the Sultan's Conqueſt can but die;
And 'twill leſs glory to my Death afford,
To periſh by her Sentence than his Sword:

By

By my own Way I but to Death ſubmit,
But if I follow yours, I merit it;
For when a Monarch is ſubdu'd by Fear,
What he does ſuffer he deſerves to bear.

Card. My Way; the worſt that can befal our King,
Is to become his People's Offering;
Of the two Ills which will the worſer be,
To die for them, or by their Treachery?
Thus he'll afflict whom he can ne'er reclaim,
For ſure the ſharpeſt Puniſhment is Shame:
The worſe they are, his Fate the better ſeems,
When thoſe who him deſtroy he thus redeems;
Religion too makes it a greater thing,
To die a Martyr than to live a King.

Queen. My Lord, your pious Reaſons make me yield,
Nature to Virtue ſhould reſign the Field:
Bring me, *Cleora*, my unhappy Son,
And with him all the Jewels of the Crown; [*Exit* Cleora,
You *Thuricus* on Embaſſy ſhall go
To *Roxolana*'s Tent, and let her know
How much the common voice of Fame I truſt,
Which renders her compaſſionate and juſt;
Whilſt others ſay ſhe all her Sex exceeds,
They ſhew their Faith by words, but I by deeds;
I by ſo ſtrange a Truſt may find relief,
If ſhe has Virtue equal to my Grief.

Viche. Madam, ſhe will not now by one mean Act,
A future ſtain on her paſt Fame contract.

Thur. Honour will make her value what I bring,
'Tis more to ſave than to deſtroy a King.

Enter Cleora *with the young King, and a Caſket of Jewels, with Attendants.*

Queen. Ah! wou'd thy Cradle had been made thy Grave,
Since born to be at once a King and Slave;
In Bonds thy fatal Reign thou doſt begin,
And thou art puniſh'd ere thou know'ſt to ſin.

Card. You feed your Sorrow when you thus complain;
Think not of Loſs, but count what you may gain;
Fortune who leads him hence will bring him back,
And long preſerve what you a while forſake.

Queen. My Lord, my Sorrow ſeeks not your relief,
You are not fit to judge a Mother's grief;
You have no Child for an untimely Grave,
Nor can you loſe, what I deſire to have.
Card. He'll be reſtor'd unleſs you hazard him,
By loſing Time which none could e'er redeem.
Queen. I'll now ſeal up the Heart which I muſt ſend
In ther, to thy new Mother and my Friend. [*Kiſſes him.*
Oh, Heav'n perſuade her that ſhe both may prove,
And that her Power be equal'd by her Love;
Let me but ſeal't again ere it does go. [*Kiſſes him again.*
Two Seals th' importance of Diſpatches ſhow.
Card. Madam, we muſt by ſtealth our Paſſage get:
Our Guards are ſtrict, and th' Evening Watch is ſet.
Queen. Be you his Nurſe, *Cleora*, teach him how,
He ſhould to Heav'n with early Homage bow:
Teach him to ſooth the Empreſs, and to be,
A pretty Suppliant for himſelf and me.
[*Exeunt ſeveral ways, the* Queen *ſtill turning her Eyes towards her Son, and weeping.*

Enter Muſtapha, Zanga, *Attendants,*

Muſt. Sure, my dear *Zanger*, thoſe who heretofore,
The envy'd Crown of this great Empire wore;
Ne'er knew the Charms which Friendſhip do attend,
Or in a Brother never had a Friend;
Since he who Friendſhip's ſacred power has known,
Rather than kill a Friend, would loſe a Throne:
Your Friendſhip at ſo juſt a Rate I prize,
As I for that this Empire can deſpiſe.
Zang. That jealous Care which on this Throne attends,
Thinks thoſe too Great who merit to be Friends;
None but an Equal ſhould in Friendſhip ſhare,
And Sultans of their Equals jealous are:
They think the proof of Wiſdom is diſtruſt,
And then believe, what e'er is ſafe and juſt;
Their fatal Maxims made our Sultans ſtill
As ſoon as they were crown'd, their Brothers kill.
Muſt. How can that Wiſdom in our Sultans be,
Which of it ſelf is Fear and Cruelty?
If Titles change th' Intention of the Fact,
Then Juſtice weighs the Actor not the Act;

And

And who would not a Monarchy refuſe,
When to gain Power, he muſt his Nature loſe;
The Virtue of that Man was never ſtrong,
Who fear'd not more to do than ſuffer wrong.
By our great Prophet ſolemnly I ſwear,
If I the *Turkiſh* Crown do ever wear,
Our bloody Cuſtom I will overthrow;
That Debt I both to you and Juſtice owe.

Zang. And here I vow by all that's good and high,
I'll not out-live the Day in which you die;
This which my Friendſhip makes me promiſe now,
My Grief will then enable me to do.

Muſt. My Vow is ſeal'd.

Zang. Mine Friendſhip ſhall make good. [*They Embrace.*

Muſt. Friendſhip's a ſtronger tye than that of Blood.

Enter Haly.

Haly. Sir, the *Divan* in ſecret Council ſit;
The Sultan to their Judgment does remit
The Summons or Aſſault of this proud Town,
Or to demand the Infant with his Crown.

Zang. If the *Divan* may of this Realm diſpoſe,
Th' *Hungarians* will have ſcarce enough to loſe.

Muſt. Councils dare do worſe than their Monarchs dare;
For where in Evil many bear a Share,
They hardly count, when they divide the Guilt,
A drop for each, though ſtreams of Blood were ſpilt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roxolana *with her Train,* Cleora, Thuricus *with the young* King, *and a Casket of Jewels.*

Rox. She thinks that my Compaſſion may be bought:
You had the King without theſe Jewels brought.
If ſhe had held me worthy to have ſhown,
That I without reward could ſave a Crown:
She does at once what generous ſeems and low,
What her Truſt builds, her Gifts do overthrow.
Bear back the Remnants of her ruin'd State,
And leave the Infant to expect his Fate.

Thur. Great *Roxolana,* cannot but excuſe
Thoſe Errors which our Queen's reſpects produce;
She makes for her Offence no ill amends,
When ſhe dares truſt that Virtue ſhe offends;

No

Nor has ſhe cauſe that Error to deplore,
Which gives you Power to ſhew your Mercy more.
'Tis not below your Fame, nor yet your State,
To pardon Faults your Glory does create;
For if your Glory had been leſs ſublime,
You could not take her Preſent for a Crime.
Theſe gliſtering Ornaments of Regal State,
Become the Proſp'rous, not th'Unfortunate.
Ah! to her Error, Madam, be more kind;
The Wrong ſhe meant not, ſhe the Truſt deſign'd.

Rox. What I reſolve, I change not through miſtake;
Leave here your King, but bear your Preſents back.

Cleora. This Anſwer makes us both rejoice and mourn;
The greater Gift you keep, the leſs return;
Yet your Protection cannot be deny'd:
Honour and Mercy ever were ally'd.

[*Exeunt* Thuricus, Cleora, Roxolana;
Lady carries away the Infant.

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. From the *Divan*, *Ruſtan* is hither ſent,
Who humbly begs t'attend you in your Tent.

Rox. Admit him; this muſt of Importance be;
[*Exit* Zarma.
He is a Cloud between the Sun and me.

Achm. Your Beams exhal'd what they may ſoon diſpel;
He'll ſhrink in leſſer Time than he did ſwell.

Rox. He's now the Sultan's, but I rais'd him firſt,
And poiſon'd him with Power to make him burſt.

Enter Haly, Ruſtan.

Ruſt. From the *Divan*, great Empreſs, I am come:
They have pronounc'd the Royal Infant's Doom;
And now their Mutes at your Pavilion Gate,
For Execution on your Pleaſure wait.

Rox. Can they conteſt with what they ſhould deſpiſe?
Or are they in ſuch want of Enemies,
As to purſue an Infant to my Tent?

Ruſt. 'Tis ſaid that he is here for Refuge ſent.

Rox. Deſign of Refuge ſanctifies this Place:
Weakneſs purſu'd, ſhews ſtrong Purſuers baſe;

The

The privilege of Refuge I'll maintain,
And they not breaking it will Honour gain.
Ruſt. States may by Honour loſe, if they comply
With Miſchiefs, becauſe weak, or when they fly;
They root up Infant Danger when it ſpring:
None can foretell the height of growing Kings.
Rox. The grave *Divan* in ruining their Foes,
Are not concern'd when they may Honour loſe;
Becauſe it moſt reflects on future Fame,
But they ſeek preſent Safety though with Shame;
Great *Solyman*, who has for Honour fought,
Does wiſely prize what with his Blood he bought;
And what he values, I muſt value too;
Doing like him, how can I better do?
But the *Divan* and I ſhall vainly ſtrive,
Since from the Sultan they that Power derive;
By which for bloody Intereſt they contend,
And by his Power, my Honour I defend.
Ruſt. Your Beauty keeps all human Power in awe;
What can reſiſt it, but our Prophet's Law?
The wiſe *Divan* arm'd with Religious Force,
Conteſts not with your Power, but your Remorſe.
Rox. Religion now does many Faces bear,
And all reſemble thoſe, who Copy her;
You Statesmen in your own Reſemblance draw
Her Shape, by which you keep the World in awe.
Ruſt. Fair Empreſs, when Religion does oppoſe
What Cuſtom plants, or in our Nature grows;
We are incens'd, and yet we then forbear
T'accuſe the Law, but tax the Interpreter;
As Men refrain to quarrel with the ſtrong,
But Wrongs pretend from thoſe whom they may wrong;
Our Law offends them by their own Miſtake,
Whilſt what is merciful, they cruel make:
This Infant's Blood will quench the flames of War;
Millions of Lives we by his dying ſpare.
Rox. But can Religion with ſuch ill diſpenſe,
As harm prevents by harming Innocence?
Ruſt. Shall true Religion (which muſt ſtill declare
Againſt all falſe Religions open War)
Be leſs provided for Offence than thoſe,
Who practiſe Policy as well as Blows?

Rox.

Rox. *Ruſtan*, I did not think Camps could have bred
One, whoſe Religion might in Temples plead
For all that Heav'n enjoins, and Hell reſiſts:
Ruſtan might lead an Army made of Prieſts.

Ruſt. They fight for th'other World, and yield up this;
Would I could lead them all to Paradiſe:
But, Madam, th' *Hungarian* Child, to ſave
Conteſting Armies from a publick Grave,
Should die, if with his Death you would diſpenſe.

Rox. I have pity on his Innocence.

Ruſt. His early dying may his Soul prefer
To th'other World, and may ſecure us here.
Thoſe, Madam, may rejoice who upward go,
And ought to pity us who ſtay below.

Rox. Ah, *Ruſtan*! you by ſoaring Virtue reach,
Thoſe heights of which our Prieſts can only preach;
My Pity you correct, and then deſtroy,
In pleading what the Dead by Death enjoy;
And now, to ſhow I prize what you eſteem,
Call in my Mutes, and bid them ſtrangle him.

[*Pointing to* Ruſtan.

Ruſt. 'Tis much to ſay it, can you mean it too?

[*Exit* Mirza.

Rox. I'll not diſſemble as you Viſiers do.

Enter Mirza *and the Mutes.*

A Viſier's power is but ſubordinate,
He's but the chief Diſſembler of the State;
And oft for publick Intereſt lies; but I,
The Partner of ſupreme Authority,
Do ever mean the utmoſt that I ſay;
Diſpatch, he's ſuch a Saint as needs not pray.

Haly. Hold, hold.

Rox. How *Haly*, by Command from you?

Haly. 'Tis but for Leave that I may humbly ſue.
I can leſs doubt the Juſtice of your Will,
Than that you here have privilege to kill;
The greatneſs of his Crime none will ſuſpect,
Becauſe he came t'invade what you protect;
But for that height of Treſpaſs let him live,
Leſt you ſhould ſeem unable to forgive.

Achm.

Achm. You only mortal Power by killing show;
But by forgiving it does Heav'nly grow:
The Offender more your Frowns, than Dying fears:
Ruſt. To me your Anger worſe than Death appears.
Rox. Live, ſince my Wrath does Fear of Death tranſcend,
Live to continue, what thy Death will end.
[*Exit* Ruſtan *bowing low. Exeunt Mutes another Way.*
Haly. He's gone to ſtudy what Revenge can do:
But, Madam, 'tis more ſafe for us that you
Have left a Viſier living to complain,
Then that the Sultan ſhould have found him ſlain.
Rox. Can you your Safety doubt whilſt you are mine?
Achm. You and the Sun warm all Things where you ſhine.
Haly. Some Flowers ſeem more than others to rely
On the Sun's favour, ſuch as with his Eye
Open and ſhut, and with his Noon grow ſtrong:
We like to thoſe may flouriſh, but not long.
Achm. The Sultan will not chide your Violence,
But make our knowing of it an Offence;
And we ſhall certain be of Puniſhment,
For knowing that, which we could ne'er prevent.
Haly. He'll on your Errors wink, as on his own,
And think them puniſh'd in but being knowne.

Enter Solyman.

Achm. Our Storm's already coming, wou'd 'twere paſt!
Haly. Before it falls, let us to ſhelter haſte.
[*Exeunt* Achmat, Haly.
Soly. We in our Camp want power to check your Will,
And your Pavilion is your Citadel;
Which you with Dwarfs, and Mutes, and Eunuchs, Man,
To hold out Siege againſt the whole *Divan*;
This wonder I am told, if it be true,
We muſt leave *Buda*, to beſeaguer you.
Rox. I thought in gaining you, I gain'd the Field,
And therefore would not to your Subjects yield.
Soly. Fortune does bluſh at the bold Minds of thoſe,
Who, what is long in gaining, raſhly loſe.
Rox. Your Viſier is a moſt impatient Sajot;
He cannot ſuffer wrong without complaint.
Soly. You would be terrible, yet pleaſant too,
And in gay humour when you Miſchief do;

Can

Can you, when ſullen grown, be chearful made
With no leſs ſport than Death in Maſquerade?
My Viſier, on whoſe Office I rely,
Whoſe Power ſhould adverſe Nations terrify;
You, for your Eunuchs, and your Dwarfs delight,
To try his Valour, with Death's Vizard fright.

Rox. Had you not taught me, I had never known
All Power to be fantaſtick, but your own.

Soly. I'll teach you now that Death's a ſerious thing.
Call for your Mutes, and for your little King!

Rox. What is your meaning, Sultan? *Zarma*, ſtay!

Soly. Ha! Is ſhe doubtful whom ſhe ſhould obey?

Rox. You rule enough, ruling the World and me;
Pray let my Women, my own Subjects be.

Soly. Your Subjects are not ſafe obeying you:
They'll make my Mutes do more then yours ſhould do.

Rox. Your Looks are chang'd, and many Dangers there
Aſſemble like black Clouds when Storms are near:
Ah, Sultan! what ſhould *Roxolana* do,
If, like your Looks, your Heart were alter'd too?
Is it your Pleaſure, that my Women bring
For your Diverſion, Sir, the Infant King?

Soly. Your Queſtion breeds delay, let him be brought.
Your Women ſure are Mutes, and only taught
To know your Signs for what they ſhould not do;
I'll ſend my Mutes to inſtruct them when to go.

[*The Women run out.*

Rox. Alas, their Fear did make them loth to move:
They fear your Anger, but I truſt your Love.

Enter the Women with the young King.

Soly. Is this the Thing that you would keep alive?
For whom the Croſs does with the Creſcent ſtrive;
Nay, bring him near, his Motion has a Grace;
And I perceive a Promiſe in his Face,
That he'll perform what he declares in Show,
If Deſtiny will give him leave to grow;
His Eyes do with a different luſtre move,
They threaten Vengeance, and they promiſe Love.

Rox. Pray look, methinks his Features are not ill,
But cruel *Ruſtan* thinks I have no skill —

Poor

Poor Infant, none dare ſpeak in thy Defence,
And thou want'ſt Words to plead thy Innocence.
Soly. You are too fond, be tender of your own:
They'll quit his Company to get his Crown;
If this ſeem ſtrange I'll put you out of doubt;
Zarma, go call my Mutes, they wait without.
Rox. Say! *Zarma*, ſtay! If this, Sir, be your doom,
Send me too where the Cruel never come;
I'll bind him to me with my Arms and Hair,
Then try, Sir, if your Mutes or Viſiers dare
Enforce him from the Refuge of my Breaſt.
Soly. Tho' with ſtrange Valour you are now poſſeſt,
Yet ſurely, Empreſs, the *Divan*, and I,
May charge with the moſt deſp'rate Enemy:
Your Heart will yield after this raging Fit.
Rox. It may ere long, when you have broken it, [*Weeps.*
Soly. Come, come! my Mutes, ending an Infant's Life,
Which ſeems but new begun, will end our Strife.
Rox. The Light of this new-kindl'd Life ſhall ſhine,
Till thoſe who put it out extinguiſh mine;
Your Mutes may tremble and your Viſiers too,
Knowing what I have done, and ſtill dare do.
Soly. You will not ſure with them and me contend.
Rox. Againſt th' oppoſing World I will defend
The Life which in Protection I receive;
Sultan, I'll do't — if you will give me leave — [*Weeps.*
Soly. You, *Roxolana*, are the Conqueror.
What Storm is not allay'd by ſuch a Show'r?
I only try'd whether your Virtue were
Above my Anger, and your Sex's Fear:
Since over both it does ſo nobly riſe,
It ſhall be more triumphant than your Eyes.
Rox. By yielding you prevail, and your Remorſe
Gains more than other Victors get by force.
Soly. Your Show'r of Tears will make my Laurels ſpring,
And Growth does promiſe to this Infant King;
He ſhall applaud your gentle Victory,
For your Remorſe ſaves him and conquers me.

[*Exeunt. The young King, being led out between*
Solyman *and* Roxolana.

ACT II.

Enter Roxolana, Zanger, Haly, Zarma, Achmat, *and Attendants to them.*

Achmat. THree Christian Ladies, who from *Buda* come,
Wait for admittance in the outward Room.

Rox. Sure they are sent from the *Hungarian* Queen.
Her Fears have made her restless: bring them in.
Zanger, your Looks must now serene appear;
Rustan must find no more foul Weather here;
He has endeavour'd to deserve his Peace;
Therefore your Frowns must with my Anger cease.

Zang. The Vizier gains so much of your Esteem,
That I ere long may wish good Looks from him.

Enter the Queen of Hungaria, *and two Ladies attending her.*

Queen. Madam, your Favours have so prosp'rous been,
And so obliging to th' *Hungarian* Queen
(Still rising like your Virtue, and your Power)
That she does find the Sense of it is more,
Than she dares trust another to express,
Therefore is now her own Ambassadress.
That high Compassion, Madam, by which you
The Infant sav'd, has brought the Mother too;
As the afflicted with Devotion run
To Altars, where great Miracles are done.

Rox. In this you trust my Virtue not my Power;
And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

Queen. Those who at Altars Blessings crave, may bring,
There where they begging come, an Offering;
Which if they offer as a Recompence
For what they then implore, were an Offence.
But, Madam, I shall now a Present make,
Of what I ought to give, and you may take:
Buda, for your Acceptance, Madam, waits:
Your Virtue, by a Charm, unlocks her Gates;
Buda will bow to you, tho' it the Pow'r
Proudly withstood of ev'ry Conqueror;

By

By Force ne'er aw'd, nor Stratagem beguil'd:
Buda, the Virgin-Town; which has been ſtil'd
(When ev'ry Victor courted her to yield)
The Miſtreſs of the Maſter of the Field.
Zang, *Haly*, we grow too great, Heav'n make us leſs;
Since Conqueſts bring ſuch Beauties to diſtreſs.
Methinks my Mother ſhould more tender grow.
Haly. You feel that Pity, Sir, which ſhe will ſhow.
Queen. I to your Virtue now a Preſent make
Of what the Sultan's Power could never take;
So much your pow'rful Virtue does oblige,
That it does take what he can but beſiege.
Rox. Whilſt thus you ſtrive to make my Virtue known,
Madam, you ſhow a greater of your own;
And what I did you now reward ſo well,
As makes the Recompence the Deed excel:
Yet but a little Virtue were in me,
If I ſhould now let yours, your Ruin be.
Queen. How can my Gratitude my Ruin bring?
Truſting a Kingdom, where I truſt a King?
Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,
As all to Altars with ſelf-intereſt do;
Hoping they mighty Bleſſings ſhall receive,
For what they there in little Offerings give:
I give an Infant King whom all forſake,
And of a Town beſieg'd, a Preſent make;
But you adopting him reſtore a Crown,
And give a Kingdom when you take a Town.
The Sultan may his Armies Valour ſpare,
You by your ſingle Virtue end the War.
Rox. Your Virtue has a greater Wonder wrought,
It conquers where it but Protection ſought:
Above this height, Honour can never get,
For it does conquer, whilſt it does ſubmit.
Madam, 'tis only *Solyman* and you
Can boaſt they *Roxolana* did ſubdue:
And that your Triumph may the more appear,
You in this very Camp have conquer'd her:
But you are now my Gueſt, and you ſhall ſtay,
Till you at leaſt believe that I'll repay
What you with more than Gratitude have done:
Madam, I know you long to ſee your Son.

Zanger

Zanger, attend the Queen, and let her be,
By finding your Reſpects aſſur'd of me.

[Exeunt *ſeveral Ways*, Zanger *leading out the* Queen.

Enter Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Ruſt. She o'er his Heart ſtill more victorious grows,
And faſter conquers him, than he his Foes.

Pyrrh. Your dark Deſigns are all in Vapour gone,
They are but Clouds, her Beauty is the Sun.
Great Fav'rites ſeldom their Reſentments hide;
Revenge ſhews not their Anger, but their Pride;
She'll be reveng'd that you her Power may ſee.

Ruſt. 'Twill her leaſt Miſchief ſeem to ruin me:
She with the Wind and Tide of Favour flows.

[poſe:

Pyrrh. Row with that Stream which Strength cannot op-
Swell up her Sails with Praiſe and Flattery.

Ruſt. Thoſe are low Courtſhips for a Soul ſo high;
Such common fawning ſhe'll deſpiſe or hate,
She muſt be tempted with a ſubtler Bait:
I muſt engage her by ſome bold Deſign,
In which her Int'reſt with great Crimes may join:
The Great can never love, becauſe too high
For that which Love allows, Equality;
But they to thoſe they fear will Favour ſhow,
And they fear thoſe, who their great Miſchiefs know,
Knowing her Guilt, I may her Favour find:
Guilt next to Love, above all Ties does bind:
Her heightned Mind and Nature much diſdain,
That *Muſtapha* ſhould over *Zanger* reign;
I can aſſault her only on that ſide,
Making her Virtue vaſſal to her Pride.

Pyrrh. Advance, Sir, this Deſign ere ſhe can know;
What, for her ſake, you have begun to do;
Honour or Craft may make her elſe to ſhun
The Sin deſign'd, which ſhe'll applaud when done.

Ruſt. And, *Pyrrhus*, 'twere no little Mark of Skill
To make her think when I oppos'd her Will;
'Twas only that I might the Sultan blind,
More ſafely to effect what I deſign'd;
My Faults to her ſhall ſuch Deſerts appear,
As ſhe ſhall thank me that I injur'd her.

Pyrrh.

Pyrrh. If ſhe diſcerns you not thro' your Diſguiſe,
She who has caught the Sultan is your Prize.

Ruſt. I ſhould her Friendſhip wiſh, were Friendſhip more
Than a mere Name 'twixt thoſe who covet Power!
You ſhall but echo what I have begun,
To make the Father jealous of the Son.
I with the Sultan durſt at firſt proceed,
Only ſo far as might attention breed;
Laſt Night ſome Words I artfully did ſay,
From Fame, not from my ſelf, of *Muſtapha*,
Which might the Sultan's jealous Anger raiſe,
Not Words of Acculation, but of Praiſe:
For nothing can old Monarchs more offend,
Than when their Succeſſors we much commend!
I quickly found that he was loth to hear;
Therefore by pauſe and parcel in his Ear,
Did civilly that Poiſon, Praiſe, infuſe,
As Men unwilling ſeem to tell ill News.

Pyrrh. His firſt Diſeaſe is fixt, what can remove
The Jealouſy of Empire, or of Love?

Ruſt. Now I that fatal Seed have ſown, 'tis fit
That I attend on Time to ripen it.

Pyrrh. When Fancy to that fruitful Weed does give
But any root, 'twill grow whilſt it does live.

Enter Zanger, *and* Achmat, *at a diſtance from him.*

Zang. Warm me, and quench me, for I freeze and burn;
And at one Object both rejoice and mourn:
What mean'ſt thou Nature, is it bad or good,
Which makes this *April*-weather in my Blood?

Achm. I fear he has with too much Paſſion ſeen
The charming Eyes of the *Hungarian* Queen;
I ſaw him gaze on her with ſuch review,
As if he fear'd the Object were not true:
So Miracles are ſeen by faithleſs Men,
Who ſtay and fain would ſee them o'er again.

Zang. Oh *Achmat!* ſomething does my Heart purſue;
I wander from my ſelf, and fly from you.

Achm. This, Sir, ſeems one of Love's great Ecſtaſies,

Zang. I would I knew what 'tis not, or what 'tis;
Love to my Breaſt hath ſtill a Stranger been,
And yet that Stranger may be gotten in.

Achm. Ah, Prince! the ſecret Paſſage of Love's Flight
Is as unſeen by Day, as 'tis by Night.
Tho' *Buda* ſhould her Walls like Mountains rear,
And *Solyman* could never enter there,
No not with armed Crowds the Outworks win,
Yet Love unarm'd would by Surprize get in.

Zang. Love is a God, and cannot be withſtood.

Achm. Yet he's a God only to Fleſh and Blood:
For thoſe, whoſe Souls are active and ſublime,
Reſiſt his Pow'r, and ſo prove Gods to him.

Zang. Ah! talk not of Reſiſtance of his Force,
Whom nothing conquers but his own Remorſe:
I rather would, if e'er he conquer'd you,
Be told how firſt he did your Heart ſubdue.

Achm. As quietly as Day does vanquiſh Night,
I heard no Noiſe, but ſaw reſiſtleſs Light.

Zang. He does alſo! with quiet Force begin,
But oh! What does he do, when enter'd in?

Achm. My waking Thoughts I tell for Dreams did take,
And whilſt I dreamt, I thought I was awake:
With equal View, in Darkneſs as in Light,
Ciara's Image entertain'd my ſight:
If ſhe was abſent, Sorrow made me pale;
If ſhe appear'd, then Bluſhes did prevail:
What her concern'd, did me more nearly touch.

Zang. I know too little, and I hear too much:
Oh *Achmet*, ceaſe and inſtantly retire,
Your Words are more than Fuel to my Fire. [*Ex. ſeveral ways.*

Enter Solyman, *followed at a diſtance by* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. Ruſtan does know much more than I dare hear:
Can I a Monſter breed, which I can fear?
I find Suſpicion a ſufficient Pain;
Fear is a Torment which I ſhould diſdain:
He robs my Heart of all the Grains of Reſt;
I'll tear the dire Uſurper from my Breaſt.
Ruſtan is full of try'd Integrity,
And Servants often more than Parents ſee.

Pyrrh. He has more Thoughts than he has Skill to uſe.

Ruſt. The Poiſon of my Whiſper does infuſe.
Oh curſed Court! where not to be the moſt
In ſight and eminent, is to be loſt;

Where

Where ſtill the Weary by falſe Steps muſt climb,
And yet their falling is eſteem'd a Crime.

Soly. Ruſtan, my Privacy you now invade.

Ruſt. Sir, it is Self-invaſion to be ſad.

Soly. Have you a Cure? you brought the Malady;
I ſay you brought it.

Ruſt. Heav'n defend me! I?

Soly. Do you ſuſpect the Truth of what I ſaid?

Ruſt. Would I had been unborn, or worſe than dead,
Rather than e'er have caus'd a Grief in you,
To whom the Comforts of both Worlds are due.

Soly. You talk'd to me, and took my Sleep away.

Ruſt. Could I in Words, too much my Duty pay?
'Twere better I ſhould periſh in Deſpair,
Than you ſhould grieve one moment.

Soly. So it were.

Ruſt. Sir, you but heard what I was bound to ſay.

Soly. What was it that you ſpake of *Muſtapha*?

Ruſt. I did with Joy acquaint you, that your Son
Nobly the Hearts of all your Army won:
Your dreaded Anger I had juſtly rais'd,
If I, your deareſt Pledge, had falſly prais'd,
To ſooth you with fictitious Flattery;
But *Pyrrhus* knows it true as well as I.

Pyrrh. 'Tis true, that he is generous and good,
He will ſucceed by Virtue, as by Blood.

Ruſt. This, Sir, ſhould cauſe your Joy, and not your Grief,

Soly. Can'ſt thou believe my Pain will find Relief,
In that which ſhews the Juſtice of my Fears?
Did I in winter Camps ſpend forty Years,
Out-wear the Weather, and out-face the Sun,
When the Wild-herds did to their Covert run,
Out-watch the Jealous, and the Lunatick,
Out-faſt the Penitential and the Sick,
Out-wait long Patience, and out-ſuffer Pain,
Out-march the Pilgrim, and the Wandrer,
And there, where laſt Years Ice was not untrod,
(When in thick Furs, Bears durſt not look abroad)
I with cold Armour cover'd, did maintain
Life againſt ſhow'rs of Arrows, and of Rain?
Have I made Towns immur'd with Mountains yield,
Sent haughty Nations blushing from the Field?

And

And muſt I, at one Caſt, all that forego,
For which ſo oft I deſperately did throw?
They ſteal my Laurels to adorn my Son;
Who can but dream of Fields that I have won?

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. What valiant Power can be ſecure from Fear,
When, Sultan, we your Voice of Anger hear?
Who dares that Anger raiſe, and hope to live?
Soly. If *Muſtapha* uſurps, ſhall I forgive?
Rox. He is your Son, and is your eldeſt too;
And may ſhew Faults, which others muſt not do:
Nature will tell you, Sir, how far in him
You ought to pardon any galant Crime.
Soly. Nature may yield when I my Power out-live;
For when I cannot puniſh, I forgive.
Rox. His Youth, Sir, has not only time to mend,
But has ſome licenſe alſo to offend;
And ſince too apt for Errors being young,
Some may advantage take to do him wrong;
And, whilſt they jealous of your Glory ſeem,
Aſſume a Privilege to darken him.
Soly. He courts my Armies to uſurp their Love.
Rox. Can that your Jealouſy to anger move?
Their Love you purchas'd when you bravely fought;
Let him inherit what for him you bought;
They ſhew their Love to you in loving him.
Soly. They, loving him too ſoon, make Love a Crime:
He knows by ſtudy of Uſurpers Arts,
That he commands their Hands who gains their Hearts:
Him whom they love, they ſtill moſt worthy deem.
Rox. You have more Pow'r o'er him, than he o'er them;
He will confine that Pow'r which Love does get.
Soly. Pow'r never to it ſelf could Limits ſet;
It never thinks it lives, but whilſt it grows,
And what it can perform, it ever does.
Ruſt. Our Sultans have their ripe Succeſſors ſent
To ſome remote and quiet Government;
Why ſince that Rule is ſafe and ancient too,
Should it for *Muſtapha* be broke by you?
Soly. I did it out of tender Care to breed
His Youth, and make him worthy to ſucceed.

Ruſt. But if, when popular, he does expreſs
A ſlow Requital of your Tenderneſs;
Which Heav'n forbid, then you may ſoon remove
His Perſon, till you can reclaim his Love.
Rox. Sure, *Ruſtan*, you with too much Vigilance,
Turn to Deſign and Purpoſe, things of Chance;
And, over-watchful with the Eyes of Fear,
Draw little Objects, from wide diſtance, near;
And ſee them double, whilſt you ſeem to make
All that, which is your Malice, your Miſtake;
But do not falſly, as a Spy, prevail,
Becauſe a Son may in his Duty fail.
Ruſt. Madam, I cannot over-watchful be
In what concerns the Sultan more than me:
I humbly take the Privilege to ſay,
That you connive too much at *Muſtapha*,
And have of late been ſlow and negligent,
In what your Care could not too ſoon prevent:
And, Madam, this perhaps you wiſely do,
T'avoid Report, grown publick, tho' not true;
Which is, that with a Bias ſtill you run
To follow *Zanger*, your neglected Son.
Soly. No more, theſe are the riſing miſts that make
Thoſe ſtormy Winds, that keep me ſtill awake! [*Ex.* Soly.
Rox. *Ruſtan*, you muſt by freſh Intelligence
Charge *Muſtapha*, and with ſome new Offence.
Ruſt. Madam, I am engag'd paſt all retreat.
Rox. Go and attend me when the Watch is ſet:
[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.
Theſe little Arts great Nature will forgive:
Die, *Muſtapha*, elſe *Zanger* cannot live!
Pardon, oh *Solyman*, thy troubl'd Wife;
Who muſt her Duty loſe, to ſave a Life;
A Husband venture to preſerve a Son;
Oh! that's the fatal Rock that I would ſhun:
For *Solyman* muſt *Muſtapha* deprive,
Of that lov'd Life, which by himſelf does live:
And *Muſtapha*, to his untimely Grave
Muſt haſten, that his Death may *Zanger* ſave.
Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
Of Royal Race the youngeſt to be ſlain,
That ſo the eldeſt may ſecurely reign;

Making th' Imperial Mother ever mourn
For all her Infants in Succeſſion born:
Excuſe, O Nature, what by me is done,
If it be cruel to preſerve a Son! [*Exit.*

Enter Muſtapha, Zanger.

Muſt. If it be Love, and you againſt it ſtrive,
Then greater Strength you to your Torment give.
Love may all Hearts under his Empire bring,
Since to reſiſt, and yield, is the ſame thing.
Ev'n Reaſon's Pow'r is uſeleſs againſt Love,
For when he enters, Reaſon does remove;
And from your Force of Anger he is free,
Since none with what they love can angry be:
In vain you this unequal War abide,
When all your Aids turn to your Conqu'ror's ſide.

Zang. I do not, Sir, to Love, but Grief ſubmit.

Muſt. Your Grief I know not, yet I ſhare in it:
A Friend is Grief's Phyſician, and may heal
Your Pain, if you the Cauſe of it reveal;
But you, by hiding that which ſhould be known,
Give me a Torment greater than your own;
And do ev'n worſe than when you ſhun Relief;
For you kill him who comes to cure your Grief.

Zang. Ah, Prince! ſince I the weight of Grief deplore,
You are unkind in loading me with more.

Muſt. But you tranſgreſs againſt all Friendſhip's Laws,
Shewing Effects, when you conceal the Cauſe;
When thoſe you cannot hide, theſe ſhould be told;
Thoſe ſhew themſelves, but you muſt theſe unfold.

Zang. Your Enemy much rather than your Friend,
Shou'd tell you Griefs which you can never end.

Muſt. Friendſhip will nothing like Reſerves endure,
But loves to ſhare in Griefs it cannot cure.

Zang. Then will I throw my vain Defence away,
And, tho' Obedience uſeleſs be, obey.
You know what by my Mother has been done
For the *Hungarian* Queen's abandon'd Son.

Muſt. Yes, and the Deed was for her Greatneſs fit.

Zang. The Queen herſelf is come t'acknowledge it:
And that her Gratitude may clearer ſhine,
She does ſtrong *Buda* as a Gift reſign.

Muſt.

Muſt. They may, by Virtue urg'd, for Honour ſtrive;
But why ſhould this make noble *Zanger* grieve?
Zang. Can Fate bring greater Grief to me or you
Than now, when the ſubdu'd to us ſubdue?
We have by Arms th' *Hungarian* Kingdom won,
And by their Queen in Honour are out-done:
A Crown reſign'd my Mother ought to quit,
Since ſhe by keeping does not merit it:
Can you my Sorrow for my Mother blame,
Who now muſt leſſen in her Pow'r or Fame?
Muſt. In ſuch a Choice ſhe cannot chooſe amiſs;
But, *Zanger*, there is in it more than this.
Zang. Ah, Prince! more indeed, for had you ſeen
The Griefs and Beauties of the Chriſtian Queen,
You would have felt the Trouble which I had;
Theſe did to pity, thoſe to love perſuade:
They help'd each other to perform their Part,
Grief ſoftn'd, and her Beauty ſeal'd my Heart;
Thro' all her Blacks the Luſtre of her Eyes
Shew'd like the Sun when it from Night does riſe:
But I want Words for what I ſhould commend.
Muſt. How ſoon from liking we to Love aſcend.
Zang. When ſhe her Royal Infant did embrace,
Her Eyes ſuch Floods of Tears ſhowr'd on her Face,
That then, Oh *Muſtapha!* I did admire
How ſo much Water ſprang from ſo much Fire:
And to increaſe the Miracle, I found
At the ſame time my Heart both burnt and drown'd.
Muſt. What you have told, ſeems Miracles to me.
Zang. You will ſee greater when the Queen you ſee.
Muſt. To me no Miracle can greater prove,
Than ſeeing Friendſhip's Right reſign'd to Love:
Your Heart once loſt, your Friendſhip too muſt end.
Zang. Sure I may have a Miſtreſs and a Friend.
The Soul, dear *Muſtapha*, is Friendſhip's Part,
And Love for his does challenge but the Heart?
Muſt. That's a diſtinction made my coz'ning Art;
Can I your Friendſhip have, and not your Heart?
Such Lovers Logick is too low for you;
What, love a Captive, and a Chriſtian too?
Zang. How ill the Name of Captive does befit
A Mind that conquers when it does ſubmit.

Her abject Fate, who would not undergo,
That ſhe might Virtue in ſuch Triumph ſhow?
Muſt. Though Friendſhip in my juſt perſwaſion fail,
Yet, *Zanger*, your Religion ſhould prevail.
Zang. Since Nature no Religion knows but Love,
He that loves moſt, does moſt Religious prove:
Religion's true deſign in Love conſiſts,
Heav'n owns not that which States-Men teach our Prieſts.
I love, but when I on the Queen reflect,
The Cauſe will more than juſtify th'Effect.
Muſt. By ſeeing of your Shipwrack I'll grow wiſe.
Zang. How can I ſhipwrack'd be on Paradiſe?
Muſt. Something in your Concern I hope to do:
Farewel; I muſt condemn and love you too.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter the Cardinal *with Papers in his Hand*, Viche, *and an* Hungarian *Gentleman.*

Card. This for the Governor with your firſt ſpeed,
This for Count *Urick*, this for *Ulſinſhed*;
Theſe are the Bills which will be paid at Sight.
Gent. Is it your Pleaſure I return at Night?
Card. You muſt, and learn who of the Garriſon
Form'd the Revolt: be careful, and be gone.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Viche. Fortune's before you whereſoe'er you come;
You'll happy be e'en out of Chriſtendom.
Card. I ſhall be, if ſhe end as ſhe begun.
Viche. You are for *Roxolana*'s darling Son:
The glorious *Zanger* has a Meſſage ſent,
Which ſays he means to find you in your Tent;
He whom our Queen's bright Beauty did ſurprize.
Card. A Lover ſpeaks at firſt but with his Eyes;
But if he now hath found his Tongue, he'll ſay
Something which I perhaps am to convey.
Viche. Their happy Interview may raiſe us all:
Men may look up who to the Bottom fall.
Card. My Lord, his Viſit ſeems deſign'd in haſte,
And to receive him I'll prepare as faſt.
You muſt not go to *Buda*; you ſhall ſtay
And wait for our Succeſs; the Myrtle may

(Which

(Which does a forward Spring already ſhow)
Even in a Camp where all things wither, grow:
In Fame's Records 'twill no great Wonder prove,
If we, who fell by Hatred, riſe by Love.

[*Exeunt ſeveral Ways.*

Enter Muſtapha *and the* Queen.

Muſt. Madam, your Fortune would malicious be,
And make your Beauty your worſt Enemy.
I know with Reaſon, Madam, you depend
On *Roxolana* as your potent Friend;
But whilſt ſhe labours to reſtore your Throne,
Your Beauty makes a Captive of her Son;
When ſhe does that unhappy Conqueſt know,
Your kind Protectreſs will become your Foe.
Whilſt Fate againſt your Beauty does conſpire,
I grieve at the Perfection I admire.

Queen. Do not believe, great Prince, your Brother will
Submit to Eyes where Grief inhabits ſtill;
To Eyes in which there nothing now appears
To move a Heart, unleſs it be their Tears;
You but miſtake his Pity for his Love.

Muſt. Thy Paſſion, *Zanger*, why did I reprove?

[*Aſide.*

Madam, where Grief and Beauty ſo excel,
Pity and Love may both together dwell;
They both are but his Duty's Sacrifice,
This to your Fate is due, that to your Eyes.

Queen. Your Virtue which does thus my Fate lament,
May all the Malice of that Fate prevent;
Conqu'ring a Fortune ſo perverſe as mine,
Will make you brighter than in Battle ſhine.

Muſt. Oh, Heav'n! I feel my own Subjection near,
Even then when ſhe would have me reſcue her.

Queen. Fortune in this has made her laſt Aſſault,
She'd have me bear what is alone her fault,
And make the Empreſs think that I deſign
What cannot be her Trouble more than mine.
Believe me, generous *Muſtapha*, theſe Eyes
Which made the laſt *Hungarian* King their Priz,
Deſerve more Grief than to his Urn they pay,
When they do ought but weep themſelves away.

Muſt. Whilſt they ſhin'd out, who could reſiſt their Pow'r,
Which, thro' Grief's Clouds, crowns you a Conqueror?

Queen. Your Brother, when his Paſſion ſeeks relief,
May owe his Cure to Reaſon and my Grief:
It will a Blemiſh to his Virtue be,
If he with Fortune join to ruin me;
And *Roxolana*'s Fame he much neglects,
In making her deſtroy whom ſhe protects.
This you may tell him, Sir, and tell him too,
I had not ſent him Counſel but by you.

Muſt. How, Madam, with your Counſel can you truſt
One whom already you have made unjuſt?
For I ſhall give to *Zanger*, for your Sake,
Counſel which I my ſelf can never take.

Queen. Were you unjuſt when you did well expreſs
The Danger I incurr'd by his Addreſs,
And counſel'd me t'adviſe him to refrain
From Love, which would his Mother's Hatred gain;
The Counſel is not alter'd, but the Flame.

Muſt. But I am alter'd ſince I hither came.

Queen. It is not fit you ſhould be underſtood,
I know you cannot change from what is good;
My Caſe with pity ſhould your Heart inſpire.

Muſt. Ah! who can pity what he does admire?
Your Pity to my Caſe is rather due:
How can I give that which I need from you?
Madam, I but in vain ſtrive to conceal
A Paſſion which my vanquiſh'd Eyes reveal;
Inſtruct me how my ſelf I ſhould reclaim,
Before I *Zanger* for his Paſſion blame;
Or rather teach us both how to endure
That Wound, which you declare you cannot cure;
And do not truſt our Reaſon to ſubdue
A Love, which Reaſon does invite us to.

Queen. Oh, Heav'n! in what wild Ocean am I loſt?
The Tempeſt riſes and I ſee no Coaſt.

Muſt. *Zanger*, not you, may tax me of a Crime;
I came to counſel you from Love of him;
But you, when you avoid my Love, prevent
All he could wiſh me for a Puniſhment;
Your Intereſt brought me here to keep you free
From ſuch a Love as might your Ruin be;

Let

Let me, when gone, at leaſt your Pity have,
Dying for you whom I did come to ſave.
Queen. You cannot be ſo cruel as you ſeem:
Why do you break that Heart which you eſteem?
Leave me, you muſt not love, and ſhould not hate
One cruel made by rigour of her Fate.
Muſt. You ſhould not of your Deſtiny complain,
You are depos'd, but with more power to reign.
Queen. Fate of this little Beauty took a Care,
Only by that to heighten my Deſpair.
Since you reſolve to ſtay, I muſt be gone,
True Grief endures not any Looker-on;
And mine I feel to ſuch a height does riſe,
That 'twill I hope revenge me of my Eyes. [*Exit.*
Muſt. She is as tyrannous as ſhe is fair,
Born to breed Love, and to beget Deſpair!
I did lament her Fortune, but I ſee
One much more cruel is reſerved for me.
Can *Zanger*, for my Love, my Friendſhip blame,
When the ſame Fire does us alike inflame?
My Weakneſs cannot forfeit his Eſteem,
Since I but yield to that which conquer'd him;
To love whom he firſt lov'd can be no more,
Than if I hate whom he did hate before. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Muſtapha, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Ruſt. 'TIS, Sir, the Sultan's Will to have it ſo.
Muſt. Tow'rds *Syria!* and To-morrow muſt I go?
The Order is ſevere, and I am ſent,
Not to a fair Retreat, but Baniſhment.
My Memory is ill if I have done
Ought that ſhould make a Father hate a Son.
Ruſt. Great Sir, take heed, leſt you his Kindneſs blame,
He ſends you not to Exile, but to Fame;
His *Aſian* Armies will be led by you:
Whilſt he the Weſt, you muſt the Eaſt ſubdue:

Since for high Valour and for Conduct too,
The publick Voice allows that each of you
Is for the ſpacious World's whole Conqueſt fit,
Why here ſhould both ſubdue but Part of it?

Muſt. You hold me up too high when I am prais'd,
I like a Meteor waſte by being rais'd;
I am already by my Friends undone,
Praiſing the little Battles I have won;
And I the *Perſians* ſhould ſubdue in vain,
Loſing a Father when I *Perſia* gain.

Pyrrh. Your Father this Diſtemper ſhould approve,
Since you but jealous are of him you love.

Ruſt. If his Diſpleaſure haſtens you away,
Do not increaſe it by Deſire to ſtay?
Or if his jealous Love ſent this Command,
Yet do not inconvenient Love withſtand.

Pyrrh. Which way ſoever you conſider it,
You ſhould approve his Orders and ſubmit.

Muſt. I'm Debtor to you both; leave me a-while
That I may Grief and Duty reconcile.

Ruſt. You'll be defended againſt all Offence,
Adding but Patience to your Innocence.

[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus,

Enter Zanger *obſerving him.*

Muſt. Fortune did never in one Day deſign
For any Heart, four Torments great as mine;
I to my Friend and Brother Rival am;
She who did kindle, would put out my Flame;
I from my Father's Anger muſt remove,
And that does baniſh me from her I Love;
If of theſe Four, the leaſt a Burthen be,
Oh, how ſhall I ſupport the other Three?

Zang. Can my dear *Muſtapha* a Grief admit,
And not let *Zanger* know the Cauſe of it?

Muſt. I having *Zanger's* Friendſhip, how cou'd Fate
Deſtroy my Peace but by my Father's hate?
Time does too long with the Afflicted laſt,
But now in my Affliction moves too faſt;
To-morrow from to-day will quickly grow,
And I To-morrow muſt tow'rds *Syria* go,
Unleſs your Power with *Roxolana* can
Revoke the Order ſent by *Solyman.*

Zang.

Zang. Depart To-morrow! no, let Time run on:
My Mother ſtays, and you are yet not gone.
Sir, are you not of *Zanger*'s Friendſhip ſure?
And can you mourn for Ills which he may cure?
But why do you aloud your Grief deplore,
When I am ſilent, though I ſuffer more?
If by your Foes you are to *Syria* ſent,
You'll there in Armies gain by Baniſhment:
Perſian, not you, th'Event of this ſhould fear,
Since by that Hatred which does ſend you there,
You will prevail as Victor of the Field;
But Love ſtays me, where like his Slave I yield.

Muſt. The higheſt Glory Conqueſt can beſtow,
I would not purchaſe by my leaving you.

Zang. To any Deity, but Love, Men come
With open Glory to their Martyrdom;
But I muſt periſh and conceal my Flame,
As if to be his Martyr were a Shame.

Muſt. Yet no Affliction, *Zanger*, can tranſcend
The Grief of being baniſh'd from a Friend.

Zang. My Grief much greater is, whilſt I remain
Near her I Love, and am not lov'd again.
Oh, my dear *Muſtapha!* when you have ſeen
The Tears and Beauties of th'*Hungarian* Queen;
Her Tears forbidding whom her Eyes invite,
Whilſt ſhe appears the Joy and Grief of Sight:
Whilſt empty Hope does riſe but to decline;
Then you will think your Sorrows leſs than mine.

Muſt. Alas! you ſaw not more than I did ſee;
She who did conquer you, has conquer'd me;
And now I may my Grief to yours prefer,
Since I am baniſh'd both from you and her.

Zang. Ha! did you ſee her, Sir, and ſee her ſo,
That from my Friend you did my Rival grow?
You made your Viſit in a fatal Hour.

Muſt. You know her Eyes, and can you doubt their Power
In blaming me you will detract from them;
As thoſe who do the conquer'd much condemn,
Do then diſparage him who overcame;
Since all may yield to Worthies without Shame.
None could her Force reſiſt, and how could I
Then chooſe but yield? for none can from her fly.

Zang. Though we but ſeldom the Subdu'd condemn,
When we the Victor's Conduct much eſteem;
Yet they are leſs excus'd if they did know,
From other harms, the Forces of the Foe.
Muſt. If, *Zanger*, Freedom of Confeſſion may
The Anger due to an Offence allay,
Then I acknowledge in my Viſit made,
That from your Love, I might the Queen diſſuade;
Yet 'twas in Fear, leſt whilſt you did purſue
Your Love, your Mother might abandon you:
But if you had beheld that breaking Light,
Which like a ſudden Dawn ſurpriz'd my Sight,
Love would have ſeem'd 'gainſt Friendſhip a leſs Sin,
Than not to love againſt her Eyes had been;
I ſtruggl'd much ere I his Fetters wore;
But that Reſiſtance ſhew'd her Power the more;
And where Reſiſtance could not Conqueſt ſtay,
It was Diſcretion quickly to obey.
Zang. Yet we may juſt to one another prove;
You are the Heir to Empire, I to Love;
You as the Eldeſt may the Scepter bear,
You firſt the World did ſee, I ſaw her;
And as I no Invaſion would deſign
Againſt your Right, ſo you ſhould leave me mine.
Muſt. If by meer Sight we may poſſeſſion take,
How vain is that long Love which Lovers make?
None but the ſleepy can their Fortune doubt;
Men need but riſe betimes and look about:
But ſhe muſt be by Merit's Claim poſſeſt,
And he who loves her moſt, deſerves her beſt.
Zang. Deſerves her! This all Injuries exceeds;
Her, by your Words you wrong, me by your Deeds;
He of her Love unworthy does appear,
Who does but think that he can merit her;
It may of her, e'en as of Heaven be ſaid,
Which, though attain'd, is never merited;
If loving her can any Merit be,
Who is the Man that dares contend with me?
Muſt. I am the Man, who ſilence all that boaſt
How much they love; for I love more and moſt;
And will not ſuch a wretched Lover be,
As meerly to depend on Courteſy:

He

He who declares that he no Merit has,
Then when he Loves, does heedleſly diſgrace
Her whom he thinks he highly does prefer,
By ſaying, that no Love can merit her;
As if her Virtue could not ſoon improve
To her own Value all that dare make Love.
Love makes both Sexes equal and but one;
A Cottage-Lover may deſerve a Throne.
Love is like Valour, ſtill improv'd by Praiſe:
And whilſt I thus Love's Merit highly raiſe,
I would not the Reward of it deſtroy;
The Beauty whom I love I muſt enjoy.

Zang. Did ever Love aſſume a Shape like this?
Or Paſſion talk with ſuch an Emphaſis?
Your Senſe of Baniſhment does dang'rous grow,
It ſends your Reaſon from you ere you go.

Muſt. Zanger, you may my Baniſhment approve,
Becauſe my Abſence may promote your Love.

Zang. Affliction makes Men wiſe, but ſeldom vain:
You fear your Abſence more than her Diſdain.
The Empreſs ſtraight ſtill in your Cauſe appear,
And get you Licenſe to continue here;
And ſince you height of Love, as Merit boaſt,
Make good your Claim by daring to love moſt.

Muſt. What Deſtiny ordained me to contend
Againſt ſo brave a Rival and a Friend?
And yet my Paſſion I muſt ſtill purſue:
Let Love which makes my Fault, excuſe it too.

[*Exeunt ſeveral Ways.*

Enter Solyman, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Soly. Were my Commands with ſuch Surprize receiv'd?

Pyrr. He ſeem'd as much amaz'd as he was griev'd.

Ruſt. Wonder and Grief did his Condition fit,
Though Each did ſeem to t'other oppoſite;
Wonder inferr'd he knew not his Offence,
But ſo much Grief diſgrac'd his Innocence.

Pyrr. Yet grieving for a Puniſhment from you,
He does but pay that Sorrow which is due.

Ruſt. When your Diſlike does up to Anger climb;
You reach too high for an intended Crime;

Such

Such Grief as his, no Fiction could admit.
Soly. I may believe he did not counterfeit;
For having on my Stage begun his Part,
I call'd him off ere he could ſhow his Art.
Ruſt. Can he who is ſo highly born and bred,
Walk under Ground, and be by Traitors led?
Soly. From harmleſs Childhood I with tender Care
Did breed him up to all the harms of War;
I taught him that unguarded Innocence
Serv'd but to tempt the Powerful to Offence;
That none are ſafe from Wrongs, but when ſo ſtrong
As always to be able to do wrong;
That only Valour is true Faith, and thoſe
Do moſt truſt Heav'n, who always Life expoſe;
I taught him Virtue, and to love her ſo
As tame Philoſophers durſt never do;
Enduring for her Sake the Pangs of Power,
And all the Toils that make a Conqueror:
For none but Chiefs who firmly theſe endure,
Can reach ſuch Power as may the Good ſecure:
I taught him ſuch a Greatneſs as might be
From all the Yokes of Subjects Counſel free:
None, but our Prophet, Empire underſtood,
Which, when 'tis bounded, ceaſes to be Good;
His Sword did two Uſurping Saints devour;
Forbidding e'en the Saints to ſhare his Power:
He bleſt Heav'n's King who Monarchy firſt made,
And prais'd him 'cauſe he no Companion had.
All this I taught my Son; but when we give
Our young Succeſſors Counſel how to live,
They are in haſte, thinking we do them wrong,
And we their Lives miſ-ſpend, when we live long.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. Forgive me, Sultan, if I boldly ſue
In Nature's Cauſe, between your Son and you;
Thoſe Orders which to *Muſtapha* you ſent,
His filial Kindneſs takes for Baniſhment.
When you your Succeſſors ſo far remove,
Reaſon may make him Jealous of your Love,
I'll Anſwer for the Kindneſs of his Grief,
And you'll want Pity, if he wants Relief.

Soly.

Soly. Alas! 'tis far above a Woman's Art,
To reach the height of an aſpiring Heart:
He who by Craft, my Army's love procures,
Can never want the Cunning to gain yours.
Rox. Seduce your Army's Love! no human skill
Can do it, and, I hope he wants the Will.
Soly. The Nations whom I lead will not ſeem ſtrange,
If they like other Nations long for Change;
For Men, of what they have ſoon weary grow,
When they the utmoſt Value of it know;
And long to change plain Things, which they poſſeſs,
For that which Hope does gild with Promiſes.
Rox. Be to your ſelf, and to your Army juſt:
You ſhould their Love and your own Merit truſt.
Prodigious Jealouſy, how can it ſhoot
And ſpring to ſuch a height without a Root?
Soly. It may a while be hidden from your Eye;
For Roots are deepeſt where the Trees are high.
Ruſtan and *Pyrrhus* can direct your Sight;
But they a Curtain draw before the Light.
Rox. Perhaps they find what they are loth to ſee;
Virtue in others may offenſive be
To ſome, who, when it is to luſtre grown,
Are jealous that it may Eclipſe their own.
Sultan, no Curtain can be drawn ſo wide,
That it the Sun can from the People hide:
The World is full of *Muſtapha*'s Renown.
Ruſt. Yet we offend in telling what is known.
Rox. You injure him whoſe Virtues you conceal.
Ruſt. We need not ſhew what does it ſelf reveal.
Soly I tax them not that they his Virtue hide,
But they conceal the Danger of his Pride:
His Race of Glory is too ſoon begun.
Rox. None blame the early riſing of the Sun,
Nor wiſh for Clouds his Luſtre to diſgrace.
Soly. But if he ſhines too fully in my Face,
I'll draw a Curtain and his Luſtre hide:
His Glory ſhall not make me turn aſide.
The ſhining *Muſtapha* muſt change his Sphere,
He threatens me worſe than a Comet here.
Rox. Can *Solyman* by thoſe forſaken be,
Whom he ſo often led to Victory?

Soly.

Soly. They by the many Battles I have won,
Think all the Stock of my Succeſs is gone:
Tho' Fortune often grac'd me in the Field,
And many Favours hung upon my Shield;
Yet now cold Looks Men to my Winter bring,
Whilſt they rejoice at my Succeſſor's Spring:
Fortune they think is to his Youth in debt,
And what ſhe pays to him they hope to get.

Rox. Tho' Glory may a while his Youth miſguide,
Yet he has Duty to correct his Pride.
Nature does give him Counſel againſt this.

Soly. Pride is more natural than Duty is;
Duty is only taught by Care and Art,
Pride is by Nature planted in the Heart:
He who to Empire haſtily aſpires,
Is only counſel'd by his own Deſires;
And thinks all Crimes which help him to a Crown,
Are then abſolv'd when he does put it on.

Rox. I fear you have diſcover'd more than I
Diſcern'd, who on your Judgment muſt rely;
Therefore, in Care of you, I beg he may
For a few Days have liberty to ſtay:
That Licence is to narrow Time confin'd:
If he has any publick Crime deſign'd,
He muſt by many Hands aſſiſted be:
Crouds are Inconſtant and want ſecrecy:
If Guilty, why ſhould you his Death delay?
If Innocent, he then may ſafely ſtay:
Your Anger ought to kill where it does touch;
His Exile is too little or too much.

Pyrrh. When in few Days this Secret ſhall look out,
Puniſh his Crime, or elſe ſuppreſs his Doubt.

Ruſt. Be pleas'd t' allow what th' Empreſs does adviſe,
And ſeem to wink, whilſt we employ our Spies;
Your Doubts will Juſt appear or quickly ceaſe,
Excuſe your Anger, or reſtore your Peace:
Let not the Prince, whilſt thus ſuſpected fly
Beyond the reach and terror of your Eye.

Soly. Go, I'll conſider, ere I change his Doom;
I'll reckon what is paſt, and what may come.

[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Oh,

Oh, *Roxolana*! Fate in vain beſtows
Continual Conqueſts o'er my open Foes;
Whilſt in a tumult raiſes in my Breaſt,
Fiercer than all thoſe Wars I have ſuppreſs'd,
Juſtice perſuades what Nature fain would ſhun.
Pity a Father who muſt hate his Son. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen *and* Zanger.

Zang. He who can all his Love contain in Words,
Has ſuch a Heart as little Love affords.

Queen. He has too much for thoſe who none return:
You know my Sorrow and for whom I mourn:
From ſuch a guilty Perſon you ſhould fly
As does the Duty want by Grief to die.

Zang. I would not in my Wiſhes covet more
Than to change Fates with him whom you deplore:
You crown'd him with your Love, when he did live,
And to his Death your Life in ſorrow give.
But, Madam, why will you ſo highly grieve
For one more happy Dead, than I who Live?
You are in this Unjuſter than your Fate,
Waſting your Sorrows on the Fortunate.
Heav'n did his Death deſign to make it known,
That you a Bleſſing are too great for one.
The Chriſtian World did to your Beauty bow,
Which o'er our larger World muſt govern now.

Queen. In Pity and in Prudence, Sir, forbear
To ſpeak what my Diſcretion ſhould not hear.

Zang. Lovers high Thoughts to Wonders are inclin'd,
And boundleſs Thoughts ſuit not with Speech confin'd.
I wonder much how he, whom you bemoan,
Having your Love, could not defend your Throne;
And how by any Force he was ſuppreſs'd,
Whilſt with the Influence of your Favour bleſs'd.
But, Madam, now his Loſſes you repair,
For you revenge all his Defeats in War;
Fate did deny his Sword ſucceſs in Fight,
Only by that to do your Beauty Right.

Queen. Your raiſing me by your depreſſing him,
May find my Hatred ſeeking my Eſteem,

Enter

Enter Muſtapha.

Zang. Ha! I employ'd my Mother for his Stay,
And Rival-like he haſtens me away;
But I'm paſt Hope, and need no Rival fear.

Muſt. This Viſit without Leave may rude appear:
Yet, Madam, when you ſhall vouchſafe to know
That I To-morrow muſt towards *Syria* go;
The Opinion of my Rudeneſs you'll recall:
I muſt attend you now or not at all.
Think on a Lovers Sorrow, who removes
From ſeeing and from ſerving what he loves;
Whilſt he ſuſpects thoſe Bleſſings are deſign'd
For a more happy Rival left behind;
Do but allow your Pity to alley
That Sorrow which your Love might take away.

Zang. Madam, if this Requeſt ſucceſsful be,
Then I ſhall need your Pity more than he:
I am deſtroy'd if this be not deny'd,
For Pity is to Love too near ally'd.
Love's Wounds are ſafe when of your Pity ſure;
The Wounds you pity you deſire to cure.

Muſt. Your Love does make you Cruel when you plead
Againſt that Pity which your Friend does need.

Zang. Your Love in high Injuſtice does delight,
Pleading to get your Friend's and Brother's Right.

Muſt. You have declar'd that Love no Right can ſhew,
But what a Miſtreſs freely does beſtow.

Zang. As of the fair new World he claim'd a Right,
Who chanc'd to have it firſt within his Sight;
So, ſince to me ſhe did the firſt appear,
I claim the Right of a Diſcoverer.

Muſt. The firſt Diſcov'rer only ſaw the Shore;
The ſecond claim'd Poſſeſſion ſeeing more,
In your firſt ſeeing and then loving her,
The favour of your Fortune did appear,
Not Greatneſs of your Love; for all like you,
Having but Eyes to ſee, would love her too.
You but the Beauty of her Face did find;
I made the rich Diſcovery of her Mind.
You of the Borders of *Elyſium* boaſt,
Her Mind is all the In-Land to that Coaſt.

I by a ſecond Voyage finding more
Of Beauty than was ever found before;
More in it to be lov'd and worſhip'd too,
Muſt therefore love her more than you can do.

Zang. Amongſt the Prieſts of Love there Caſuiſts be,
Who Love's Religion vex with Sophiſtry;
But I for Sacrifice bring ſuch a Heart
As Nature offers in diſdain of Art.

Queen. Princes, no more. You both but vainly ſtrive
To be poſſeſt of what I ſhould not give;
That which I ſhould not give, you ſhould not take,
Nor prize my Love when Duty I forſake:
It is in me Impiety to ſtay.
Detain not whom the Dead does call away.

[*She offers to go out, Zanger ſtays her.*

Zang. Stay, Madam. When the Clouds of Grief are gone,
Which cannot darken long ſo bright a Sun,
Let *Zanger* in his Love ſo happy be
That none may happier prove in yours than he:
If you to any others Suit incline,
Then my Succeſſors Love diſgraces mine.
This is not Envy, but does rather ſhow
I prize my Love, becauſe 'tis given to you.

Muſt. True Friendſhip, Madam, cannot yield to this;
If you reject my Love, accept of his;
Next to your Love, the Bleſſing I would chooſe
Is that my Friend may gain what I muſt loſe.

Zang. I am amaz'd at what you ſeem to do;
Let me not bear Love's Wounds and Friendſhip's too.

Muſt. Only thoſe Lovers ſhould be counted true,
Who Beauty's Intereſt, not their own purſue;
Who nobly would, when by their Fortune croſt,
Have others get what to themſelves is loſt.
None but the Fiends can wiſh Heav'n empty were,
Becauſe they cannot get Poſſeſſion there.

Zang. This Gallantry does roconcile in you
The utmoſt of Revenge and Friendſhip too;
Revenge appears moſt ſenſible and high
In placing Favours on an Enemy.
Forgive me if that Stile I undergo;
He who a Rival is, is then a Foe.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip till now did ne'er ſo high aſcend
As to endure a Rival in a Friend.
In one bright Sphere we may together move,
Whilſt you excel in Friendſhip, I in Love.
But having paid what to my Love was due,
Let me diſcharge my debt of Friendſhip too.
Madam, I thus would expiate my Crime;
That which he beg'd for me I beg for him.
Tracing his Steps how can I ſurer tread?
I'll follow Virtue which I ſhould have led.

Queen. This which you Beauty call ſo much offends;
When it does Rivals make of two ſuch Friends,
That I, by drowning it, will give relief
To your unequal Friendſhip and my Grief. [*She weeps.*

Zang. Againſt that Beauty why ſhould you repine,
Which makes our Friendſhip with ſuch Luſtre ſhine?

Muſt. You wrong the World when you your Beauty wrong
That and the Sun to all the World belong.

Queen. My Grief is greater than I ſhould endure;
I'll fly from Wounds I make and cannot cure.

[*Exit, and they gaze after her.*

Muſt. Oh, *Zanger*, look not after her ſo long!
Thro' all her Clouds her Luſtre is too ſtrong.

Zang. As Courage of weak Towns, in their Defence
Againſt ſtrong Armies, is held Inſolence;
So I, reſiſting Fate in this Aſſault,
May make e'en Fortitude become a Fault,

Enter Achmat, *and whiſpers* Zanger.

Achm. The Empreſs, Sir, commanded me to ſay
She has prevail'd, and *Muſtapha* ſhall ſtay.

Zang. Leave us; we ſhall her Pleaſure ſtraight attend.

[*Exit* Achmat.

Muſt. What forward Meſſage does my Fortune ſend?

Zang. Sir, you're timely eas'd of half your Fear.
My Mother ſays that you ſhall marry here.
Since I have this procur'd, you may allow
Your ſelf to think that I will keep my Vow.
I have in Friendſhip vow'd not to ſurvive
The fatal Day on which you ceaſe to live.

And

And 'tis a Work more difficult and high
To help a Rival than it is to die.

Muſt. I know you'll keep your Vow; and I ſome Sign
Have given that I ſhall faithful prove to mine.
I vow'd, if by Succeſſion I ſhould gain
Th'Imperial Scepter, you ſhould with me reign.
And ſince in Love's nice Intereſt I comply,
(Whoſe Empire is ſecur'd by Jealouſy,
And where each Lover ſtrives to rule alone)
I can admit a Rival in my Throne.

[*They Embrace,* Exeunt.

Enter Turicus, Viche, Cleora.

Viche. Ha! Will ſhe leave the Camp? who can prepare
Counſel for Changes which ſo ſudden are?

Thur. My Lord, her Reſolution muſt ſeem ſtrange;
But, as 'tis ſudden, ſo it ſoon may change:
She did by me a ſecond Offer make;
Urging the Empreſs inſtantly to take
The Keys of *Buda*, our revolting Town;
Hoping by quitting that, to keep the Crown.

Viche. What was the Anſwer which the Empreſs made?

Thur. She ſummon'd all the Glory that ſhe had;
Then ſaid, ſhe would not from the Queen receive
A Preſent till ſhe could a greater give.
And then declar'd, her Sultan ought, and muſt
Eſteem that Faith which did his Honour truſt;
That he by Conqueſt ſhould proceed no more;
And what his Glory took it ſhould reſtore.

Enter Cardinal, *and* Queen.

Cleora. The Cardinal ſeems thoughtful, and the Queen
Does feel more Sorrow than ſhe would have ſeen.

[*Exeunt* Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

Card. But when purſu'd will you from Refuge run,
And Sanctuaries ſhut againſt your Son?
Your Infant, whilſt from proffer'd Love you fly,
Muſt meet the Hatred of your Enemy.
Ruſtan has long your Royal Houſe abhor'd;
And he is now to former Power reſtor'd;
The Storm which from the Empreſs he endur'd,
Has his Foundation try'd, and Strength ſecur'd.

Queen.

Queen. When you the Princes proffer'd Loves commend,
You seem to Empire, not to me, a Friend:
And when your King I in his Grave forsake,
I lose more Love than you would have me take.

Card. Be taught by Nature; she forsakes the Dead;
Your precious Tears you but on Ashes shed,
Which now an Urn keeps sacred, but they must
By wand'ring Winds be blown with common Dust.
Nature does turn her Looks from Death's ill Face;
Where Ruin does not Nature's Strength disgrace,
But by the Slightness of Man's Fabrick shows
(Which Time e'en with a Touch soon overthrows)
That she made Flow'rs intending they should fade;
And Mourners err when Nature they upbraid.
It is at once Idolatry and Pride
To place on Altars what she throws aside.
Love only to the Living does belong:
Loving the dead you all the living wrong;
And both betray and lose Love's Int'rest, when
You love the Dead who cannot love agen.

Queen. But is there to the Dead no Sorrow due?

Card. What useful is, grows only fit for you.
Grieve not for one made useless being gone;
But favour those who may restore your Throne.

Queen. Since both the Princes do alike pretend,
Which to my Favour will you most commend?
If I must love, and shall be taught by you,
I cannot, sure, be counsell'd to love two.

Card. But you may favour both, and may disguise
Or shew your Love as Int'rest shall advise.

Queen. I cannot Int'rest by such Arts improve,
Seeming to favour whom I do not love:
Nor with two Faces severally invite
From both what I in neither can requite.

Card. Yet do not both for want of loving lose;
But suddenly consider which to choose.
In gaining *Zanger*, you the Empress gain;
But *Mustapha* must by Succession reign.

Queen. Each is sufficient to restore my Throne,
But, whilst for Empire you are studious grown,
You nothing for the other World prepare.
My Lord, take Heav'n a little in your Care.

How

How can I ought of Love from Princes hear,
Who ſcorn thoſe Altars where I kneel with Fear?
Card. They their Religion did by Conqueſt make;
And will no Rules but from their Conqu'rors take.
If they, till taught, can never Truth diſcern,
They muſt be conquer'd to be made to learn:
And ſince no Pow'r but Love can them ſubdue,
Madam, they muſt be overcome by you.
But ſhe who will o'ercome in Love's fair Field,
Muſt by her yielding make her Lover yield.
Queen. My Lord, your Purple Robe has ſtudy'd well,
Muſt I this way convert an Infidel?
Card. Love is perſuaſive and will ſooneſt teach.
Queen. They both can to the top of Empire reach,
But cannot ſoar to our Religion's Height.
Card. By truſting *Muſtapha*, you'll teach him Faith.

Enter Cleora.

Cleora. My Lord, Prince *Muſtapha* is in your Tent.
Card. Madam, my Thoughts are with true Duty bent
To ſerve your Throne. Do not kind Fortune loſe
When ſhe preſents you two great Lots to chooſe.
[*Exit* Cardinal.
Queen. Without a Clue I'm in a Lab'rynth left:
And where e'en Hope is of her Eyes bereft.
With noble *Zanger Muſtapha* contends,
They ſtrive as Rivals, and they yield as Friends:
I injure one, if I the other chooſe;
And keeping either I the Sultan loſe.
Flying from both I from my Refuge run;
And by my ſtaying ſhall deſtroy my Son.
Them for their falſe Religion I eſchew,
Though I have found their Virtue ever true.
And when Religion ſends my Thoughts above,
This Card'nal calls them down, and talks of Love:
And ſimple Love (which does as little know
State-Intereſt as Religion ought to do)
He would, bold with Ambition, lead through all
The dark and crooked Walks where Serpents crawl.
His Prieſts to what he counſels, gravely bow;
Whilſt other Prieſts condemn what thoſe allow.

Thoſe

Thoſe would by pious Craft reſtore our Loſs;
Theſe ſcorn the Creſcent ſhould redeem the Croſs.
Zeal againſt Policy maintains Debate;
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the State:
The Learned do by turns the Learn'd confute;
Yet all depart unalter'd by Diſpute.
The Prieſtly Office cannot be deny'd;
It wears Heav'n's Liv'ry, and is made our Guide.
But why ſhould we be puniſh'd if we ſtray,
When all our Guides diſpute which is the way?

ACT IV.

Enter Queen, *and* Cleora.

Queen. Diſpatch, *Cleora*, leſt we ſhould be ſeen.
Lay my Diſguiſe beneath the Couch within;
You ſhould have ſent to call the Cardinal:
I have forgot my Letters. Burn them all.
Here, take the Key! make up my Jewels ſtraight.
You ſhall attend me at the Eaſtern Gate:
But burn my Letters in the inner Tent.

Cleora. I fear you will this haſte too ſoon repent.

Queen. Fortune, with thy Diſtempers I muſt ſtrive;
And from a Crime will not my Cure derive.
Thoſe who by Policy their Actions ſteer
Faint when they Faulre, as well as Loſſes bear;
But thoſe who on firm Virtue ſtill rely,
May boldly periſh when they guiltleſs die.

Cleora. 'Twere want of neceſſary Faith in me
To think your Virtue can ſucceſsleſs be.
All your Commands I'll inſtantly obey.

Queen. Our Flight, *Cleora*, cannot brook Delay;
Nor can I any Pauſe to Fear allow.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. You were my Gueſt, but are my Priſ'ner now.
Do you not tremble ſeeing me appear?

Queen. None but the guil:y ſhould have Senſe of Fear.

Rox.

Rox. Diſmiſs *Cleora!* we muſt be alone
To reckon both what I and you have done.
Queen. Retire! Th' Intentions of my Flight are all
Betray'd by her or by the Cardinal. [*Exit* Cleora.
Rox. To make the Audit of my Actions true,
I'll briefly take their Regiſter from you.
Did I not ſtruggle in your Son's Defence,
When with no Armour but his Innocence
The Reſcue of his Crown I undertook,
Whom all his Nation, being arm'd, forſook?
Queen. Madam, of what you did this is the leaſt.
Rox. No Bird, new fledg'd, and frighted from his Neſt,
Could, more than he, be of his home bereft,
Or more to Nature's caſual Mercy left.
Did I not boldly his weak Cauſe maintain
Againſt the Viſier and the whole *Divan*,
Though from their Number I did need Defence?
For Number has a proſp'rous Impudence,
Which more prevails in Courts than in the Field,
Making by Clamour ſingle Fav'rites yield.
And I was forc'd, when charg'd by the *Divan*,
To my laſt Strength, the Love of *Solyman*.
Queen. Your Enemies could not but many be,
You having then all that were ſo to me.
Rox. When, without leave, you did adventure here,
And, by the right of War, my Priſ'ner were,
Did I not then my Favour ſo extend
That you became no Priſ'ner but my Friend?
When *Buda* you did offer to reſign,
Did I not conſtantly the Gift decline,
And in your Cauſe the Sultan did implore,
That what his Sword had gain'd he would reſtore?
Queen. All Bounties, Madam, muſt by yours ſubmit,
Which nothing equals but my Senſe of it.
Rox. Having confeſt my Allegations true,
Mark what Returns has ſince been made to you.
For more than Hope of what you wiſh'd to be,
For your Protection and your Liberty,
For all I did, and purpos'd to have done,
You, in Requital have enſnar'd my Son.
A Son, who never yet my Will controll'd
Till he your fatal Beauty did behold:

But

But now, with that inchanted, is no more
By his own Reaſon rul'd, nor by my Pow'r.
What my Deſigns have built, you have o'erthrown:
And I, in *Zanger*'s Ruin, feel my own.
My Patience has not Strength for this Aſſault.
Queen. Oh do not make my Miſery my Fault.
You now confirm all my Prophetic Fears;
I did employ my Reaſon, Pray'rs, and Tears,
To make the Prince his fatal Love decline;
I knew you would reſent his Fault as mine:
But I, alas! found my Diſſuaſions vain.
Rox. Why did you not betimes to me complain?
Queen. Who to a Mother could accuſe a Son,
Or lead you to that Grief which you would ſhun?
When I perceiv'd his Love was fixt ſo ſure
That 'twas above my Tears and Reaſon's Cure,
I did reſolve in a Diſguiſe to fly
Where I unknown might in a Cloiſter die.
And, leſt you might ſuſpect what I deſign'd,
This Letter I did mean to leave behind; [*Gives her a Letter.*
Which begs your Pardon, and informs you too,
My Flight was but in Thankfulneſs to you.
Nor can I doubt your Mercy to my Son,
When I to keep your Love, from *Zanger*'s run.
[Roxolana *reads the Letter to her ſelf.*
Rox. In taxing you, who now ſo juſt appear,
I am more guilty than I thought you were,
Nor can you your Revenge more cruel make
Than when you ſhew the Guilt of my Miſtake.
Queen. Of what is paſt, you ſhew too great a Senſe;
The Reparation does exceed th' Offence.
Agen you'll wound me if you treat me ſo;
I only meant my Innocence to ſhow;
You ſeeing that, make me obtain my End.
Rox. You muſt my Pardon ſeal, and be my Friend.
[*Kiſſes her.*
And that I may deſerve what I requeſt,
I'll lodge my greateſt Secret in your Breaſt.
I know you will be ever kind and juſt. [*Kiſſes her again.*
Queen. No Obligation binds ſo much as Truſt.
Rox. The Friendſhip plac'd by my unhappy Son
On *Muſtapha*, is not to you unknown.

Queen,

Queen. To that high Friendſhip I no Stranger am
A nobler yet was never told by Fame.
Rox. Ah, Queen! from that dire Friendſhip I receive
The deepeſt Wound which Fate did ever give.
You know the bloody Cuſtom of this Crown;
Nought but the Sultan's Life ſecures my Son.
For when the Eldeſt does the Throne enjoy,
He muſt the Younger by our Laws deſtroy.
Queen. That Cuſtom he by Friendſhip will reclaim.
Rox. Friendſhip to Love and Pow'r, ſeems but a Name
Tho' *Muſtapha* has Virtue and Renown
Fit to poſſeſs and dignify a Crown:
(For never yet did any Sultan's Son
Perform and promiſe more than he has done)
Yet when he ſhall th' Imperial Sceptre bear,
He muſt become my *Zanger*'s Murderer.
For that is made a righteous Law by time,
Which Law at firſt did judge the higheſt Crime.
Queen. Pow'r's private Safety is the publick Good,
It lives in Health by letting others blood.
Rox. The Sultan's Love gives me a Pow'r ſo high,
That I to this could give a Remedy,
If *Zanger* did not ſecret Friendſhip pay,
Ev'n with Religious Rites, to *Muſtapha.*
All my Deſigns fond *Zanger* does oppoſe,
Who, ſaving *Muſtapha*, himſelf will loſe.
Queen. Your Fate againſt your Virtue does conſpire.
Rox. Alas! I muſt deſtroy what I admire.
In this Attempt I ſhall your Aid implore:
And ſince your Beauty they do both adore,
You muſt love *Muſtapha* and ſlight my Son;
Deſpair may do what Reaſon ſhould have done:
For Friendſhip never yet could climb above
The high Reſentments of neglected Love.
Queen. Madam, the weight you on my Boſom lay
I cannot bear, nor your Commands obey.
Prince *Muſtapha* my Love can never have;
My King and Love are bury'd in one Grave.
Rox. If *Muſtapha* cannot your Love obtain,
It may ſuffice when you Affection feign.
Queen. But Honour, Madam, quickly will forget
And loſe it ſelf whilſt it does counterfeit;

As Men a little us'd to ſpeak untrue,
The juſt Remembrance loſe of what they knew;
Till their firſt Shapes grow to themſelves unknown.

Rox. Can this be ſaid by you who wear a Crown?
When from your Heart your Looks do diff'rent ſhow,
Love does but change the Weather of your Brow;
Which ſhould no more a conſtant meaning bear
Than th'outward Face of Heav'n ſhould ſtill be clear.
The Great ſhould in their Thrones myſterious be;
Diſſembling is no worſe than Myſtery.
Obſcurity is that which Terror moves;
The Gods moſt awful ſeem'd in ſhady Groves.
And our wiſe Prophet's Text a Rev'rence bears,
Where it is hard and needs Interpreters.

Queen. I ever was without diſſembling bred,
And in my open Brow my Thoughts were read:
None but the Guilty keep themſelves unknown.

Rox. No wonder we ſo ſoon ſubdu'd your Throne;
When wiſe Diſſimulation, which ſhould guard
Chief Pow'r and make th' Approaches to it hard,
Was baniſh'd from your Court to Rebel-ſtates,
To Conclaves, Councils, and ſmall Magiſtrates;
Theſe ſtronger grow than Monarchs who refuſe,
The cloſe falſe-Armour which their Subjects uſe.

Queen. Madam, you teach what Chriſtians are not taught,
And ſeem to ſoar as high in Flights of Thought,
As now your Empire wide in compaſs ſwells.

Rox. Sure Chriſtian Kings live not in Courts but Cells,
That is uncourtly, ill-bred Innocence,
Which cannot with diſſembled Love diſpenſe.
You muſt diſſemble Love to *Muſtapha*,
And make him think, by what you often ſay,
That you for Love can mourn and languiſh too.

Queen. Madam, I ſhall need Counſel what to do.

Rox. How, Madam, you may counſel take of me,
But ſhould from Subjects Counſel ſtill be free.
We but in asking it from Subjects, give
Much more of Value than we can receive.
We give our Secrets to them, which, when known,
May make their Int'reſt greater than our own.
By Counſel Men perſuade or elſe direct;
Directions, like Appointment, we ſuſpect:

And

And ev'n Perſuaſion does the Throne invade;
For Slaves may govern whom they can perſuade,
Adviſe your ſelf and boldly then proceed;
Counſel muſt yield to Courage and to Speed.

Queen. When I ſhall Counſel ask, I'll none reveal;
I can adviſe myſelf what to conceal.

Rox. I'll preſs you now no farther, but retire.
Madam, improve what Honour ſhall inſpire.
If that which I requeſt may not be done,
You ruin me, and *Zanger*, and your Son,
But, ere I go, aſſure me of your Stay.

Queen. In this, becauſe I can, I will obey. [*Exit* Rox.
No Fortune aims at more than ſhe can do:
She takes my Crown, then tempts my Virtue too.
I am for *Muſtapha*'s true Love in debt,
Which I will never pay with Counterfeit.

Enter Cardinal.

Card. Madam, laſt Night I did adviſe your Stay;
But now I come to haſten you away.
Time has been active ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Queen. Shall I truſt Councils which can change ſo faſt?

Card. By various Ways we may our End purſue.
Councils ſhould alter as their Cauſes do.
Phyſicians, Madam, will not think it ſtrange,
If I change Med'cines when Diſeaſes change.
The Plot, of a moſt firm and conſtant Mind,
Muſt ſhift his courſe and turn with ev'ry Wind.

Enter Thuricus, Viche.

Thur. The Sultan's Troops, more ſwift than in Alarms,
Are, without Orders, running to their Arms.

Viche. Ruſtan does now in ſev'ral Shapes appear;
For he is often alter'd by his Fear.

Card. The Army is ſo bent to Mutiny,
That *Muſtapha* does counſel you to fly.
Madam, we all are to your Flight inclin'd.

Queen. But, to this Place, my Lord, I am confin'd;
And by a Tye which has ſuch Influence,
That I will rather die than fly from hence.

[*A mutinous Noiſe is heard.*

Card. Their Anger is grown loud! Madam, 'tis fit
That you ſend out to know the Cauſe of it.

Queen. Make haſte, my Lords, and ſev'rally inquire
If thoſe who rais'd this Storm can raiſe it higher;
And when you have the Danger of it learn'd,
Obſerve how far the Princes are concern'd. [*Ex.* Thur. Vich.

Enter Cleora *at another Door, and whiſpers the* Queen.

Cleor. Zarma has haſtily a Whiſper brought,
Which ſays, that Means for your Eſcape is wrought.
This Tempeſt *Muſtapha* would have you ſhun;
And ſhe will help to ſend away your Son.
Queen. O how am I perplex'd? ſecure him, Heav'n! [*Aſide.*
I have my Faith to *Roxolana* given
T'aſſure her of my Stay, by which my Son
May in my Fortune equal Hazard run. [*Whiſpers* Cleora.
Go ſtraight to *Roxolana*'s Tent, and there
Obſerve what Change does in her Looks appear. [*Ex.* Cle.
Card. Madam, you ſaid you would not fly from hence:
'Tis a Reſolve of fatal Conſequence.
Queen. The Cauſe of that Reſolve I muſt conceal;
But will a Secret of more Uſe reveal.
The Prince has by his Preſents *Zarma* won,
Who will contrive to ſend away my Son.
This is a Buſ'neſs worthy your Debate.
Card. Unhappy is the Miniſter of State,
Whom for ſucceſsleſs Counſel you deſpiſe,
Yet that conceal by which he ſhould adviſe.
His Fate, and not his Skill, you ought to blame,
Who plays the Cards yet muſt not ſee his Game.
If I but hold the Cards which you will play,
I throw your Judgment not my own away.
Queen. But this which needs your Counſel open lies.
Card. To what you have reveal'd I thus adviſe.
Your Son, to *Buda* flying, will redeem
By his own Loſs thoſe who abandon'd him.
You truſt the Conquer'd who were ſafe before,
And by Diſtruſt provoke the Conqueror.
How can your Son by Flight advantag'd be,
Who quits the Port to meet a Storm at Sea?
And doubtleſs, Madam, you by ſtaying here,
The whole Revenge of his Eſcape muſt bear.
Theſe are the Dangers which attend his Flight;
But he is ſafe in *Roxolana*'s Sight.

For,

For, till her growing Pow'r you can ſuſpect,
Doubt not his Safety whom ſhe does protect.
Queen. Your Reaſons urging his Continuance here,
Like Rays of Light, are ſudden, ſtrong, and clear.
My Lord, as theſe convince me for his Stay,
So let my Counſel haſten you away.
The Mutinous who now in tumult riſe,
Hate our Religion, and your Robe deſpiſe.
This Storm you may in *Buda* ſafely ſee.
Card. Madam, it will no more my Wonder be,
That you not truſting me, diſguis'd appear,
Since you ſuſpect I am ſo faint with Fear,
As to forſake my Queen in her Diſtreſs.
But, Madam, walk in Clouds, and truſt me leſs:
Tho' but in part your Mind you will declare,
Yet in your whole Misfortunes I will ſhare:
And tho' my Counſels may defective ſeem,
I'll by my Suff'rings merit your Eſteem. [*Exit.*
Queen. Our greateſt Couni'llours think we are unjuſt,
When our leaſt Thoughts are hidden from their Truſt;
And till (by knowing th'utmoſt that we know)
Thoſe reſtleſs Counſ'llors may our Rulers grow,
They do not love us, and they ſullen ſeem;
But after Care not tho' we love not them. [*Exit.*

Enter Solyman, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

[*Shouts are heard from within.*
Soly. What Shouts are theſe?
Ruſt. Shouts which your Soldiers pay,
Hearing Prince *Muſtapha* has leave to ſtay.
Pyrrh. About his Tents the joyful Soldiers croud.
Soly. There was no need their Joy ſhould be ſo loud.
Their Shouts of Triumph never roſe ſo high.
Ruſt. It ſhews they love him more than Victory:
And when theſe Shouts they in your Preſence make,
It is a Sign they love him for your ſake.
Soly. How long can they the Father love, who run
With ſuch a guilty Kindneſs to the Son?
'Tis much to do it, more to ſhow it ſo.
Pyrrh. Men never fear to pay the Debts they owe.
Soly. He takes that Love which does belong to me,
And lets me reign but by his Courteſy:

His early Acquiſition ſhews his Skill
In ruling, and his Pow'r declares his Will.
Ruſt. Suſpicion's good unleſs it ſtart too ſoon,
And then does faſter than th' Offender run.
If he purſues, too early and too faſt,
Your Armies love, he errs but in his haſte.
Your Jealouſy and his Deſire to gain
That Love from which he ſhould a while abſtain,
May be excus'd; for neither is a Crime
But as you both may err in point of time.
Pyrrh. Why ſhould your Army's Kindneſs be his Fault?
Soly. They love or hate but ſo as they are taught.
By Fear Uſurpers ſhould their Pow'r ſuſtain;
But a true Prince chiefly by Love ſhould reign.
Whilſt, in looſe Knots, Fear but the Body binds,
We ſtrongly rule by Love our Subjects Minds.
Ruſt. Yet wiſeſt Monarchs by Succeſs have prov'd,
That it is ſafer to be fear'd than lov'd.
For Subjects, as they pleaſe, their Love diſpenſe,
But always fear as it does pleaſe the Prince.
A King ſhould more the ruling Pow'r eſteem,
I lac'd in himſelf than when 'tis lodg'd in them.
Soly. That Error is deſtructive to a State:
For whom ſoe'er the People fear they hate.
This is in me and in my Subjects true:
For fearing *Muſtapha* I hate him too.
And he, ev'n in my Camp, my Pow'r controls;
I ruling but their Bodies, he their Souls.
Pyrrh. By his firſt Deeds he ſeem'd to ſtudy you;
And of your Story a fair Copy drew.
Can he deface the Virtue he has ſhewn,
And on his Father's Ruin build his Throne?
Soly. Since on Ambition's Wings he means to riſe,
He will both hate and ſlight all Nature's Ties.
A Father's name cannot his Nature fright
From Glory when it does his Youth invite.
Th'inchanting Sound of Pow'r ſo charms his Ear,
That he will now no other Muſick hear.
[*New Shouts are heard, at which* Solyman *ſtarts.*
This Inſolence is loud enough to wake
Revenge from duller Sleep than Death can make.

Ruſt.

Ruſt. Perhaps not underſtanding their Offence,
They deem this Duty which is Inſolence,
And think they not offend in what they do.
Soly. My Army then is bravely taught by you.
Can any ignorant of Treaſon be,
Who ſhout for ought but Victory and me?
Ruſt. Yet do not, Sir, decline what I adviſe;
Repentance is a noble Sacrifice.
But if, when taught, their Crime they ſhould purſue,
'Twill juſtify what you intend to do.
Pyrrh. When but a few into Offences run,
Juſtice may ſafely puniſh what is done.
But when whole Camps are kindled to a Flame,
Perſuaſion then, not Force, muſt them reclaim.
Ruſtan. Revenge, which to the Injur'd does belong.
Can be ſucceſsful only to the Strong.
Your Foes you ſummon ere their Towns you ſtorm:
If to your Army now you leſs perform,
They all in arms for *Muſtapha* will riſe,
Becauſe you uſe them worſe than Enemies.
Soly. I yield to your Advice, go both and try
To make them in their Joys more mannerly.
[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.
My Race of Glory did proceed too faſt;
My Armies now grow weary of my Haſte;
And yet, tho' tir'd, they ſhout and gladly run
To ſee me overtaken by my Son:
All in this Race are ſtopt when overtook;
And I, whom all did follow, am forſook:
Forſook by him whom I begot and bred:
I'm left behind by thoſe whom I have led.
Muſt I, like Conqu'ring Fleets, when Storms begin,
Take all my glorious Flags and Streamers in?
Tho' *Muſtapha* by Heav'n's Decree was ſent
To warn great Monarchs by my Puniſhment,
Yet he does Heav'n offend, offending me.
What means our Prophet by this Myſtery?
My Son's ordain'd to what he ſhould not do,
And I to bear what I ſhould puniſh too. [*Exit.*

Enter Muſtapha, Zanger.

Muſtapha *ſeems very penſive.*

Zang. Ah, Prince! you wrong your Love whilſt you [admit
Another Paſſion thus to reign with it.

Muſt. Zanger, my Grief may well my Heart ſubdue,
Since 'tis too great to be reveal'd to you.
Pity that Fate with which I now contend;
It makes me hide my Danger from my Friend.

Zang. What can you ſeem unwilling to declare,
After confeſſing you my Rival are?
Or of that Friendſhip are you not ſecure
Which did, unſhaken, ſuch a Proof endure?

Muſt. Let what I heard be ſilenc'd as untrue,
Since my believing it may trouble you:
And yet my ſpeaking it may pardon'd be,
Since your not hearing it may ruin me.

Zang. What can I more an Injury eſteem,
Than when by Silence you diſtruſtful ſeem?

Muſt. Alas! you know not that you are unjuſt,
When thus you take my Kindneſs for Diſtruſt.
Be loth to hear what I ſhall ſpeak with pain.

Zang. I Torment feel in that which you retain.

Muſt. Your Mother with the Viſier is agreed:
And ſhe hath ſecretly my Death decreed.

Zang. You wrong me, Brother, and your ſelf deceive,
And I wrong Nature when I this believe.

Muſt. I'll rather periſh by your Misbelief,
Than give you Evidence t'increaſe your Grief.
Farewel! the Duty of a Son retain;
You'll hear your Brother, and your Friend is ſlain.

Zang. 'Twere cruel, Sir, to leave me with this Wound.

Muſt. You are too good too ſee what I have found. [*Going.*

Zang. Stay, Sir, I cannot Nature much offend.
Doubting a Mother to preſerve a Friend.
Our Friendſhip does the Mind's Alliance ſhew.
Let me the utmoſt of this Secret know.

Muſt. It comes from one who does not Prudence lack,
Nor his Intelligence from Rumour take;
One to whom *Zarma* does with truſt diſcloſe
(Charm'd by his Love) all that her Boſom knows.

This

This bloody Miſchief is with Art deſign'd,
The Secret, cautiouſly, to few confin'd;
Which by cloſe Contraction is made ſtrong,
And ſtill your Mother abler to do wrong.

Zang. Perhaps ſhe is thus Cruel, ſince I grow
As Cruel in believing ſhe is ſo.
Yet then ſhe with her ſelf does diſagree,
Knowing I die in you and ſhe in me.

Muſt. This Junto could not ſo ſucceſsful be,
Were not the Sultan wrought to Jealouſy,
That I, affecting popular Eſteem,
Follow thoſe Crouds which have forſaken him;
And that I aim'd not by my Battles won,
To conquer *Perſia*, but uſurp his Throne.
Theſe falſe Suggeſtions I might ſoon remove,
Were I admitted to implore his Love;
But, oh, that rigid Form which us bereaves,
Of all Approach without our Father's Leaves!
That rigid Cuſtom which does bring no leſs
Than Death when we, unſent for, ſeek Acceſs!
But, *Zanger*, if I could Admittance gain,
I muſt not where your Mother rules complain.

Zang. If they have rais'd the Sultan's wrath ſo high,
You muſt, to ſave your Life, vouchſafe to fly.
Your Stay makes Life depend upon his Breath;
Your Flight prevents his Guilt and your own Death.
Whom he ſuſpects he does but ſeldom ſave;
A Prince's Priſon is a Prince's Grave.

Muſt. 'Twere better, *Zanger*, that my Blood were ſpilt,
Than ſav'd by Flight; Flight is it ſelf a Guilt.
Since ſtill my Duty did my Actions ſteer
I'll not diſgrace my Innocence by fear,
Leſt I the ſaving of my Life repent.
I'll rather bear than merit Puniſhment.

Zang. When Priſoner made 'twill be a new Offence,
T'accuſe his Wrath by pleading Innocence.
Your Death he'll then decree to avoid Complaint;
Power oft by Death does juſtify reſtraint:
And, when incens'd, into two Faults will run,
Rather than own that it has acted one.
We ſhall by your Retreat gain Time to learn
Thoſe Dangers which our haſte cannot diſcern.

You then may make that Innocence appear
Which yet his Paſſion will not let him hear.
Muſt. I'll ſooner yield my Perſon to his Power,
Than be held guilty by him but one Hour.
By Flight my fear and ſhame will equal be;
And Fear or Shame is worſe than Death to me.
Zang. I doubt your Virtue will your Life betray.
But ſince ſo nobly you reſolve to ſtay,
I'll to my Mother ſtraight, and ſhe ſhall know
Th' important Secret of our mutual Vow.
It will divert the Hope of her Deſign,
When ſhe's aſſur'd your Ruin muſt be mine.
Muſt. Friendſhip like this who ever did enjoy,
Which rival'd Love nor Death cannot deſtroy?
Oh, *Zanger!* if you knew how much I ſtrove
To make my Friendſhip overcome my Love
(Though in that ſtrife I could not Victor be)
You would both envy then and pity me.
Zang. I'm glad in that Deſign you miſt your End:
Who quits his Miſtreſs may forſake his Friend.
And none of Friendſhip ſhould a Proof admit,
Which may occaſion Fear of loſing it.
For he who can break off your Conqueror's Chain
Has ſuch wild Strength as nothing can reſtrain.
Muſt. Ha! ſtay! methinks I'm on a ſudden brought
To Light's laſt glimps, and to a ſtop of Thought!
Methinks, ſomething Prophetick in my Breaſt
Bids me make haſte and in Fame's Temple reſt.
And as Men dying leave chief Legacies
To thoſe whoſe Friendſhip they did deareſt prize,
So, *Zanger*, I, as to your Merit due,
Bequeath the Queen, my Life's laſt Gift, to you.
Zang. Our ſecret Sympathy your Fate ſecures:
If bad, my Breaſt would feel't as ſoon as yours,
And ſince you but bequeath a Legacy,
Which cannot be poſſeſt before you die,
You ſafely give what I ſhall ne'er receive
Becauſe I cannot *Muſtapha* out-live.
Muſt. How poorly ſome in Friendſhip take a Pride,
Which never yet was by Love's Intereſt try'd:
To ours alone the perfect Praiſe is due
At once of being Friends and Rivals too. [*Exeunt Embracing.*

Enter

Enter Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Pyrrh. Compliance now muſt ſerve us more than Force,
Since the *European* and the *Aſian* Horſe
Refuſe our Orders, and in publick ſay
That we conſpir'd to baniſh *Muſtapha.*
Ruſt. No Pride ſo dangerous is as being proud
Of proſperous Mutiny. They threaten loud,
Who us'd but in your Whiſpers to complain.
Pyrrh. If they the *Janizaries Aga* gain,
We are beyond Repairs of Court undone.
Ruſt. The Force we dare not meet we ought to ſhun.
Pyrrh. The Empreſs feels Remorſe, or finds her Fear.

Enter Achmat, Haly.

Ruſt. We ſhall be call'd, *Zarma* expects us here.
Achmat, the *Aſian* Horſe have long been led
By you, and by your great Example bred.
This Monſter Mutiny will all devour.
You might oblige the Sultan with your pow'r,
If you could quell this Monſter.
Achm. May be ſo:
But you had better try what you can do.
Ruſt. The Deed is noble and belongs to you:
I would not take what is to *Achmat* due.
Achm. Indeed you ever with a tender hand,
Touch'd what another Baſſa ſhould Command.
Your Juſtice (which knows when, and whom to ſtrike)
Uſurps no Buſineſs which you do not like.
Pyrrh. Haly, this doubtful Language ſtrange appears.
Haly. You'll in the Army find Interpreters.
Ruſt. Haly it ſeems does liſten to the Crowd.
Haly. Men need not liſten where Complaints are loud.
Pyrrh. The People rail to exerciſe their Tongues.
Haly. Their Patience firſt is exercis'd with Wrongs.
Pyrrh. They, wanting Judgment, ſhould ſubmit to Laws,
And cannot Judges be in their own Cauſe,
But to their Rulers gently ſhould appeal.
Achm. Men their own Judges are of what they feel.
Ruſt. This is not meant in Friendſhip, nor for Sport.
Sure, *Pyrrhus*, they are angry with the Court,
And having found, none for their Anger care,
Strive out of Malice to be popular.

Ente

Enter Zarma *who whiſpers* Ruſtan.

Zarma. You muſt bring *Pyrrhus*, and may have Acceſs.

[*Exeunt with* Zarma. Ruſtan and Pyrrhus, *ſmiling ſcornfully on the other two, and they on them.*

Achm. Methinks we were ill-natur'd to expreſs
So much Contempt of Greatneſs in Diſtreſs.

Haly. When ſhining Fav'rites grow with Greatneſs proud,
All Men rejoice to ſee them in a Cloud.
If this Ill-nature be, 'tis not confin'd
To us alone, but is in all Mankind.
And whilſt we blame our ſelves we injure all,
Nothing's ill-natur'd that is Natural.

Achm. I muſt confeſs, in thus inſulting you
Do but as States-Men to each other do.

Haly. When they are more afflicted, we will ſeem
To mourn with their few Friends who pity them;
But ſecetly we will their Foes incenſe,
And then in haſte bring them Intelligence
Of Miſchiefs which they never can avoid;
And ſo be thank'd by thoſe we have deſtroy'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roxolana, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Rox. My Favour to the Sultan you implore,
Only for Governments you ſought before.
You ſue for *Egypt*, you for *Babylon*;
If I could theſe procure you would be gone.

Ruſt. In theſe from ſudden Foes we diſtant are;
No Mutiny can laſt to march ſo far:
And we, by Abſence, may perhaps abate
The Rage contracted by this Army's Hate.

Pyrrh. This Army's Temper, well conſider'd, ſhews
You are not ſafe when we our Safety loſe.
But 'twill in vain with your Deſigns conteſt,
When in our Hands you ſhall poſſeſs the Eaſt.

Rox. Men, who to high Deſigns like this are bent,
Should leſs fear Death than not to ſee the Event.

Ruſt. The Camp to *Muſtapha* ſuch Love has ſhewn,
That we ſhall haſten by his Death our own.

Pyrrh. That which does lead our Hope the ſureſt way,
Brings us to certain Ruin if we ſtay.

Rox.

Rox. You vow'd (ſtriving my Favour to regain)
That *Zanger* after *Solyman* ſhould reign,
And, that I might no mark of horror bear,
You ſaid I ſtill againſt it ſhould appear,
Pyrrh. But Madam, neither of us promis'd we
The Prince's Executioners would be.
All but the Mutes will that black Office ſhun;
And all Things elſe are near perfection done.
Rox. None here the fatal Orders will obey,
If in this Juncture you ſhould fly away.
You both muſt ſtay and what you plotted, act:
I'll not the Guilt of your Deſigns contract.
Ruſt. In ſtaying we the Princes Fate partake;
We who are Guilty only for your Sake;
So Guilty none did ever yet appear.
Rox. You only Guilty are becauſe you fear:
But Fear in States-Men is the higheſt Crime.
Thoſe who to Empires upper Station climb,
Are not ſo uſeful by their being Wiſe,
As they may hurtful be by Cowardiſe.
For they, fearing to act what they ſhould do,
Make with themſelves the Valiant uſeleſs too.
Ruſt. Provoke not thoſe who with your Ruin may
Save both themſelves and injur'd *Muſtapha.*
Pyrrh. This, were we Cowards, we could quickly do.
Rox. Am I forſaken, and then threaten'd too?
You doing this will your beſt Viſage wear.
Falſhood in States-Men is leſs vile than Fear.
Go to the Sultan, go! and th' Intereſt try
Of crafty Art: On Nature I'll rely.
You are whole States-Men, and his Friends in part;
States-Men, like States, are but the works of Art.
When in both Shapes your Wiſdoms have appear'd,
Weak Wives and Miſtreſſes may chance be heard.
You with your Blood muſt for your Miſchiefs pay;
But a few Tears will waſh my Guilt away.
What you deſign'd, Ambition made you do;
I did but that which Nature call'd me to.
You did the Plot contrive to kill his Son;
At which I but conniv'd to ſave my own;
Go then and by your Deaths the diff'rence prove;
'Twixt thoſe whom Kings but truſt, and whom they love.

Ruſt

Ruſt. Our Treaſon againſt you would be a fault,
Greater than ever enter'd in our Thought.
Pardon our Paſſion ſince you did deny
The Suit we made with ſharpeſt Injury.
Pyrrh. Too much your loyal Servants you deſpiſe
When you their Care impute to Cowardiſe.
Rox. Care does unworthy of it ſelf appear,
When it the ugly Vizard wears of Fear.
If, as you ſaid, the Deed is almoſt done,
Stay but one Day to end what you begun.
The Soldiers Fury, which you would decline,
If well improv'd will perfect your Deſign.
Their Love to *Muſtapha* is turn'd to Rage;
Which nothing but his Blood can now aſſwage.
Go then and make my Son the Empire's Heir;
Leave your Preferments to my ſudden Care.
Ruſt. We in your Cauſe all Dangers will deſpiſe.
Pyrrh. And with your Fortune quickly fall or riſe.
Ruſt. We will the Sultan inſtantly attend:
The Prince's lingering Fate in Death ſhall end.

[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Enter Zarma.

Zarma. Madam, Prince *Zanger*, much impatient ſtays
Within, and humbly for Admittance prays.
Rox. I gueſs the Buſ'neſs which has brought him here:
His fatal Friendſhip gives me Grief and Fear:
Finding the Sultan does his Brother hate,
He would employ me as his Advocate.
Say I am cloſe at my Devotion, go!
Say I'm retir'd; make haſte and tell him ſo.
Admit him not though much he will pretend.
Zarma. He is too much a Brother and a Friend. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Zarma.

Rox. What Sin of mine; oh Heav'n incenſes thee?
Thou mak'ſt my Son his own worſt Enemy.
What by my Care and Art he might enjoy,
He does himſelf contribute to deſtroy.
And I, in my perplex'd Condition muſt
Become unnatural, or elſe unjuſt:
Muſt leave a Son to Empire's Cruelty,
Or to a gen'rous Prince inhumane be.

My

My Husband, whom I love, I cruel make,
Even againſt Nature, yet for Nature's ſake;
His Son by my Contrivance, he muſt kill;
Whilſt I preſerve my own againſt his Will.
The Blood I ſave muſt anſwer for my Guilt,
And waſh away the Stains of what is ſpilt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Solyman, Roxolana, Pyrrhus, Ruſtan.

Soly. I Will not ſtay to ſee him in my Throne:
I yet can reach him and will take him down,
Ruſtan has now my Orders: He ſhall die.
Rox. Exceſs of Juſtice turns to Cruelty.
Soly. Whilſt but Suſpicion did my Breaſt invade,
Your Meditation could my Wrath diſſuade;
But now his Treaſon is ſo certain grown
That I muſt take his Life, or loſe my own.
The Name of *Muſtapha* infects your Breath;
Thoſe who deſire his Life deſign my Death.
Rox. Then, Sir, my Interceſſion is unfit.
Yet pardon me if I with Grief ſubmit;
For it does too much cauſe of Grief afford,
When Juſtice againſt Nature draws her Sword.
Soly. His Death is but deferr'd, becauſe I ſtay
To ſend him to his Grave the ſafeſt Way.
Ruſt. Since you by *Achmat* did the Prince adviſe,
That if he either loyal were or wiſe,
He from the Camp ſhould ſecretly retire,
And by his Abſence quench his raging Fire.
It were convenient you to *Achmat* ſent
With kindneſs to invite him to your Tent;
Pretending 'tis your Will he ſhould receive
Your Counſel ere he does the Army leave.
But, Sir, ſince for your Safety he muſt die,
It ſhould be done with ſpeed and ſecrecy.

Pyrrh.

Pyrr. Elſe they may reſcue him by open force.
His Train and Guards are thirty thouſand Horſe:
And he ſo much your Soldiers rules that they
Will ſcarce, but in your Preſence, you obey.

Soly. Already his dark Evening is begun:
He ſhall be ſure to ſet before the Sun;
And never more ſhall riſe to be ador'd,
But part in an Eclipſe and be abhor'd.
Send *Achmat* hither to avoid delay.

[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

Rox. Fate riſes in your Brow! I dare not ſtay
To hear the bloody Sentence you muſt give:
Horror and Pity in my Boſom ſtrive;
Remembring what to *Muſtapha* is due,
And not to puniſh him would ruin you. [*Exit.*

Soly. We our Compaſſion rather ſhould extend
To Strangers than to Sons when they offend;
With Wrongs from Strangers we may well diſpenſe
Who nothing have received to recompenſe:
They only are by common Juſtice bound:
None are ingrate who have no favour found.
But *Muſtapha*, (unthankful for that Care
Which bred him to deſerve the Wreaths of War;
Whom all the Bonds of Nature could not tie)
Shall now for Nature's ſake, unpity'd die. [*Exit.*

Enter Muſtapha, Zanger.

Muſt. This Counſel *Achmat* from the Sultan brought,
Whoſe Favour I have now by *Achmat* ſought;
Begging I may attend him ere I go,
And fully my ſuppos'd Offences know.
If to this juſt Requeſt he does conſent,
I may avoid my fatal Baniſhment,
And be deliver'd from a double Grief,
Whilſt I to Love and Friendſhip give Relief.

Zang. I fear in your Requeſt by *Achmat* made,
You have but ſought the Means to be betray'd.
And ſince againſt your ſelf you now conſpire,
Who will oppoſe that Fate which you deſire?
My Mother in denying me Acceſs,
Does raſhly your determin'd Death confeſs.

Muſt.

Muſt. Since only guilty Minds have Cauſe of Fear,
It does to me more probably appear,
That ev'n my Foes are liklier to abhor
Their Miſchiefs paſt, than to conſult of more.

Enter Achmat.

Achm. The Joys of Conqueſt ever fill your Breaſt:
The mighty Sultan yields to your Requeſt;
Believes your Love is in your Meſſage ſent;
He truſts that Love, and thinks you innocent;
His Cloud is vaniſh'd, and his Brow ſo clear
That you may plainly read a Father there:
Sir, he does ſtraight expect you in his Tent:
Improve his Kindneſs whilſt he does relent.

Muſt. How like you now the Way I did purſue?
[*To* Zanger.

Zang. I think the Change too ſudden to be true.

Muſt. If falſe, I then am but of Life bereav'd:
'Tis worth my dying to be undeceiv'd.
And who would with a Father be in Strife?
Rather than Duty loſe, I'll loſe my Life.
Zanger, farewell! I leave, in leaving you,
The beſt of Friends, and beſt of Brothers too.
Yet I ſhall take ſome Glory in my Death,
Counting the Worth of what I can bequeath,
And, to confirm my Legacy, I now
Freely releaſe the Rigour of your Vow.
For if in th' upper World we ought can know
Of things, which thoſe we love tranſact below,
I ſhall rejoice when I am thither gone,
That you poſſeſs my Miſtreſs and my Throne.

Zang. Can you ſuch Gifts to one ſo worthleſs give,
As after you will be content to live?
Ah Prince! if this Diſcourſe you ſhould purſue,
Sorrow to me would kinder prove than you.

Muſt. If in my Fate, Dear *Zanger*, you ſhould ſhare,
Who of the Queen's Concerns will take a Care?
Think it her Suit, not mine, which you deny.

Zang. When you are dead, Honour will make me die.

Muſt. I ſhall be ſtrong enough for my Defence,
Where Nature pleads the Cauſe of Innocence.

Zang.

Zang. Methinks both these should all Things overcome;
Yet Hope finds in my Breast but little room.
Must. I must not your prophetick Sorrows hear:
'Tis only Friendship which creates your Fear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Zarma.

Zarma. One whom I lov'd enjoin'd me to obey,
With faithful Service, you and *Mustapha*,
And, Madam, I attend you now you are
Alone, that all I know I may declare.
Queen. I'll not ungrateful be for what you do:
I'll serve you in Rewards and Friendship too.
Zarma. I still have fear'd that *Roxolana*'s Love
To *Zanger* would his Brother's Ruin prove;
But many Proofs do now my Thoughts convince,
That she designs to save and serve the Prince:
For that Effect she's to the Sultan gone;
But first commanded me to tell her Son,
That he this Evening in her Tent should stay
To speak with her concerning *Mustapha*.
The Tumult in the Camp begins to cease,
And all put on the chearful Looks of Peace.
Queen. You tell me what I most desire to hear:
Which soon will free me from my Grief and Fear.
Zarma. Since all Things move to meet with your Desire,
Your Son has no Occasion to retire.
Queen. By your Advice I may successful grow.
Zarma. Still what I hear, you instantly shall know.
[*Exit* Zarma.

Enter Cardinal, Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

Queen. My Lords, by *Zarma*, (who is newly gone)
I hear the Sultan smiles upon his Son:
The Empress nobly has procured his Peace:
The Chiefs of Factions from their Tumults cease,
And now for Favour to her Tent resort.
Card. I doubt all this is but a turn of Court.
Think not the Empress will her Power employ
T'establish him who must her Son destroy.
Queen. Honour has in her Soul the highest Place.
Card. Nature has greater power than Honour has.

But,

But, Madam, whilſt this ſeeming Calm does laſt,
You with the Infant ſhould to *Buda* haſte;
Which, now, diſloyal grown, will ſcarce withſtand
The worſt of all your Foes, King *Ferdinand.*
For whilſt the *Turk* invades us from the Eaſt,
Th'unchriſtian King aſſaults us in the Weſt.
With Craft and Wealth he has advanc'd his Power.

Thur. Madam, we now came from the Governor;
Who bad us tell you that he has ſurpriz'd
Three of King *Ferd'nand*'s Officers diſguis'd. [found:

Viche. With theſe there have been blank Commiſſions
Some of their Faction we in Fetters bound.

Queen. Before this Danger does reſiſtleſs grow,
You muſt, with both theſe Lords, to *Buda* go.

Card. Your Preſence, Madam, will be needful there;

Queen. My Promiſe will a-while detain me here.

Card. You'll then be left afflicted and alone.

Queen. You leave me for my Safety not your own;
Whilſt I the Rage of Fortune here withſtand
We may be ruin'd there by *Ferdinand.*
I muſt not be deny'd. Your being there
Will free me from a moſt important Care.

Card. Madam, my ſtrict Obedience makes me go;
All that does happen you ſhall hourly know.

[*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Cleora *one way, the* Cardinal *and* Lords at the other *Door.*

Enter Muſtapha, *the Guards and others paſſing by him, ſhake their Heads with ſorrowful Looks.*

Muſt. All ſhake their penſive Heads in paſſing by,
As if they did diſlike my Deſtiny.
Let him diſpatch whom he intends to kill:
'Tis leſs to ſuffer Death than fear it ſtill.
Nor is the worſt of Deaths ſo bad a Fate
As ſtill to live under a Father's Hate.
My Torments are ſo many and ſo high
That only Death can be my Remedy.
Death will my Father's Jealouſy remove;
And free me ever from neglected Love;
Whilſt to my greateſt Guilt it puts an End
Of being Rival to ſo brave a Friend.

But

But even that Comfort brings me Sorrow too;
For Death will then more than my Friendſhip do.
And if his Kindneſs makes him keep his Vow,
He, dying, will the greater Friendſhip ſhow.
He'll freely, for my ſake, quit Life and Love;
But cruel Force does me from both remove.
In Death his Friendſhip will ſo clearly ſhine,
That when I die, he'll ſee the Faults of mine:
For I, by Rivalſhip, was faulty grown,
And Death reſigns what Friendſhip ſhould have done.

Enter ſix Mutes, one of them advances before the reſt and kneels down, delivers Muſtapha *a black Box with a Parchment, the* Sultan's *Great Seal hanging at it in a black Ribband. Then he holds up a Bow-ſtring, and makes Signs that he ſhould kneel and ſubmit to the* Sultan's *Sentence.*

Theſe are to add new Wings to my laſt Hour.
I underſtand your Signs and ſee your Power.
Stand off. I with your Buſineſs can diſpenſe.
But your officious Haſte is an Offence.
I will conſider what I ought to do,
And die to ſatisfy my ſelf not you.

[*They retire to the farther End of the Stage.*

Can I my Duty ſhow when I do ill,
Unjuſtly yielding to a Father's Will?
Sure we, by Nature's Gift, the Right enjoy,
To ſtrive with thoſe who would our Lives deſtroy.
And when I tamely die, without Defence,
I teach the World to doubt my Innocence.
But with my Father why ſhould I debate?
My Death he wiſhes, and my Life I hate.
Why ſhould I make his Anger higher riſe,
By ſtriving to preſerve what I deſpiſe?

[*He beckons to the Mutes to come near him, and they advance.*

Before I die, I'll to the Sultan ſhow
My injur'd Innocence, that he may know
My Death will to the judging World proclaim
He is more guilty than he thinks I am.

When

When I have told him what I ought to say,
Then what he does command, I will obey——
[*They all shake their Heads in Sign of Denial.*
How, Slaves! am I refus'd? I will not die
Till I have first obtain'd what you deny.
[*The Mutes draw their Cimiters and assault him; he draws, and kills two of them.*

Enter Solyman.

Soly. O Traytor! art thou such an Enemy
To thy high Blood which is deriv'd from me,
That now enforc'd by this new Crime, I must
With my own Hand mix it with common Dust?
Against my Pow'r thou dying art at Strife,
To make thy Death as guilty as thy Life.

At the first hearing of Solyman's *Voice, the Mutes give over fighting, and at the End of* Solyman's *Speech,* Mustapha *kneeling, lays his Cimiter at the Sultan's Feet.*

Must. The Cause of my Defence from their Assault,
Was that from you I might have learnt my Fault.
Alas, what is't I with that Life should do,
Which, Sir, is hated and prescrib'd by you?
All I endeavour'd by my Life's Defence,
Was to gain Time to shew my Innocence.
I shun not dying, Sir, but to be held
Guilty, is dying after I am kill'd,
Losing the Life of Fame when I am dead.
Soly. A Man condemn'd is not allow'd to plead.
I'll hear no more. [Mustapha *rises.*
Must. Then, Sir, to Death I'll go.
I am too guilty since you think me so.
May not my Servants do what must be done?
Let not your meanest Slaves destroy your Son.
Soly. Though Justice takes that Life which he must lose,
[*Aside.*
Yet Nature cannot this Request refuse.
Go, lead him in, and let his Servants do [*To the Mutes.*
That sudden Justice which I left to you.
Must. That Chearfulness with which to Death I go,
Some Proof, Sir, of my Innocence does shew.

And

And ſince by Death I would your Hate remove,
What would I not have done to gain your Love?

[*Exeunt* Muſtapha, *and Mutes,* Solyman *looking after* Muſtapha *whilſt he's in Sight.*

Soly. What I have now decreed does juſt appear:
But againſt Nature who can ſtop his Ear,
Though ſhe againſt the Right of Juſtice ſtands?
My Heart does ſigh for what my Tongue commands. [*Exit.*

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. Now the great Deed is doing, or elſe done,
I have been cruel to preſerve my Son,
That cruel Deed which makes him th' Empire's Heir,
Heav'n, ſure, forgives ſince it rewards my Care.
And nothing now can ever make me grieve,
But for his Death by which my Son does live.

Enter Zarma.

Zar. Madam, the Guards are doubled ev'ry where.

Rox. If Guards can make you ſafe what need you fear?

Zarma. Your Servants hide their Looks, and fear to ſhow
The Griefs they feel, and Dangers which they know.

Rox. Zarma, be deaf to what you ſhould not hear;
Or uſe your Strength to what you ought to bear.
Eaſing your ſelf, when you of Grief complain,
To many others you transfer your Pain.

Enter Haly *Weeping.*

By your Amazement and the Tears you ſhed, [*To* Haly.
You ſeem to tell me *Muſtapha* is dead.

Haly. Yes, and ſo dy'd, that the moſt fortunate
Would gladly for his Fame have had his Fate.
But, Madam, be ſuffic'd that he is dead.

Rox. No, I dare hear both what he did and ſaid.

Haly. The Sultan his laſt Suit could not deny;
Which was, that by his Servants he might die.
And each of thoſe declar'd it a leſs Crime,
To kill himſelf than 'twas to murder him.

Rox. It ſhows he was with higheſt Love eſteem'd,
When none would kill whom *Solyman* condemn'd.

Haly. It turn'd our Blood to Tears when he did pray
To all, in vain, to take his Life away.

He

He ſaid aloud, can I ſo wretched prove
That your Denials muſt declare your Love?
See what your guilty Kindneſs drives me to;
Worſe than my Father did, 'twill make me do.
One whom he guilty thought, to Death he ſent;
But you will make me kill the Innocent.
'Tis you have made your Prince unfortunate,
Who finds your Love more cruel than his Hate.
And now (afraid of nothing but Delay)
He frowning ſaid, unfriended *Muſtapha*
Muſt be beholding to himſelf for Death:
Then ſnatch'd a Sword which ſtraight he did unſheath.
Morat cry'd out, the Murd'rer's Part I'll do;
'Tis fitter I ſhould bear that Guilt than you.
The Prince about his Neck his Arms did ſpread
In Sign of Gratitude, and ſmiling ſaid,
Is it not fit my wretched Life ſhould end,
When he who kills me I eſteem my Friend?

Rox. He could not give more Ornament to Death,
Than when ſo calmly he reſign'd his Breath.

Haly. When griev'd *Morat* the fatal Deed had done
(Which Kindneſs made him do and others ſhun)
With haſte he ſaid, no Tears can be ſo good
To ſhed for ſuch a Loſs as Tears of Blood.
His Hand then acts the ſecond Tragick Part,
So on his own, as on his Maſter's Heart.
But Grief had wounded him ſo much before,
That ſcarce his Cimiter could wound him more.

Rox. This was at once a Duty and a Crime.

Haly. It made us pity firſt, then envy him.

Rox. Call *Zanger* hither and return with Speed;
But keep him ignorant of this dire Deed. [*Exit* Haly.
Brave Prince, if now thy Mother were alive,
She by my Sorrow might be taught to grieve.
How ſoon thy Death a Miracle has done?
It makes me weep for what preſerves my Son.

[*Exeunt* Roxolana, Zarma.

Enter Solyman.

Soly. Forgot are now thoſe Fields his Valour won,
Which did too ſoon his Head with Laurel crown!

His

His Virtue with his Foes he overthrew;
For, growing great, he ſtraight grew guilty too.

Enter Zanger, *who kneels*, Solyman *ſteps to him, and takes him up.*

Zang. I come at your Command, by *Achmat* ſent;
Who ſaid, I ſhould attend you in your Tent.
Soly. Zanger, I now did for your Judgment ſend:
You are my Mind's Phyſician, Son, and Friend.
Tell me, can mortal Monarchs always keep
The Watch o'er Empire ſet without ſome Sleep?
Zang. No Man can live, whom Sleep does not repair;
Much leſs can Monarchs who are born to Care.
Soly. Behold then the Revenge which I did take
On him who kept me many Months awake.
Zang. My Brother dead? you have the World bereft
Of much more Virtue than is in it left!
'Twas Jealouſy, not he (oh dire Miſtake)
Which did ſo many Months keep you awake;
And it was juſt that you, who in your Breaſt
Would Jealouſy admit ſhould take no reſt.
My Speech is by this Object overcome:
No Grief is well expreſt till it is dumb!
[Zan. *goes towards* Muſtapha.
Ah Loyal Prince! till Death does cloſe my Eyes,
Accept theſe Tears, my Friendſhip's Sacrifice!
Soly. Traitor, doſt weep for one condemn'd by me?
This ſhews that thou as guilty art as he.
Deſiſt, or thou ſhalt ſhare in his juſt Fate.
Zang. That, Sir, will rather ſhew your Love than Hate:
Death is the only Bleſſing I can find:
You think it juſt, and I ſhall think it kind.
I will his Worth to all the World declare.
Soly. He did aſpire and grew too popular.
Zang. Ruſtan and *Pyrrhus* did his Life purſue:
We their Contrivance of this Murder knew:
And I deſir'd him from your Wrath to fly;
But in Obedience he would ſtay to die.
For, but one Day when baniſh'd from your Sight,
Was worſe to him than Death's eternal Night.

If

If in himself he any Guilt had known,
He, with your leave, to *Syria* might have gone.
He told me still what he design'd or knew.

Soly. His black Designs he did conceal from you.

Zang. Nothing could more his Trust of Friendship prove,
Than that we both th' *Hungarian* Queen did love:
And though he then my first Pretensions knew,
Yet freely he confest he lov'd her too:
And when a Rival does his Love reveal,
What can his Cunning after that conceal?
How could you his unblemisht Virtue doubt?

Soly. Have I not often heard my Armies shout
When he appear'd, and with Applause so high,
As if his Presence brought them Victory?

Zang. In that their Error and not his appear'd,
He with more Grief than you their Gladness heard,
By all the Duty to a Father due,
And to our Prophet, *Mustapha* was true;
True as your Viziers have been false, and wrought
You into wrong Suggestions of his Fault.

Soly. Oh Heaven! my Guilt now makes it an Offence
To hear untimely of his Innocence.
This Truth (which now I may my Torment call)
You should have sooner told, or not at all.

Zang. Who could, without offending you, have thought
(When your kind Message was by *Achmat* brought)
That 'twas a Train laid for my Brother's Life?
And yet my Doubt with Duty was at Strife;
And Doubt prevail'd, for several Ways I try'd
To get Admittance, but was still deny'd.

Soly. Zanger, to ease our Griefs, let us agree
T'impute his Fate to our ill Destiny.
Those who to Death have made me send my Son,
Shall instantly in Torture meet their own.
Let Wisdom check your Sorrow, and prepare
To be this Day proclaim'd my Empire's Heir.

Zang. But, Sir, religiously to me he swore,
That, if the *Turkish* Crown he ever wore,
He to our bloody Law an End would give,
And I should safely in his Bosom live.
My self I then by sacred Promise ty'd,
Not to out-live the Day on which he dy'd.

And as I knew he nobly did design
To keep his Vow, so I remember mine. [*He turns to* Must.
'Twas only Love had Strength enough t'invade
That mutual Friendship which we sacred made:
But now o'er Love I have the Conquest got;
Though Love divided us, yet Death shall not——
[Zanger *stabs himself, and falls at* Mustapha's *Feet,* Solyman *runs to him.*

Soly. Hold, *Zanger*! hold!

Zang. The happy Wound is given
Which sends my Soul to *Mustapha* and Heaven.

Soly. Friendship and Cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robb'd me of a Son.

Zang. When, Sir, you have forgiv'n me for my Death,
Grant what I ask with my departing Breath:
Your dying *Zanger* begs th' *Hungarian* Crown
For th' injur'd Queen, and for her guiltless Son.

Soly. Shall I so little give for *Zanger*'s Sake,
Whose mighty Mind would not my Empire take?

Zang. Sir, for your Gift in Thankfulness I bend;
[*Bows to him.*
In Death I serve my Mistress and my Friend.
He'll live in your Esteem, she in her Throne.
Now all I had to do on Earth is done.
[*Turns again to* Mustapha.
Lo at your Feet, dear Friend, your Brother lies;
And where he took delight to live——he dies. [Zan. *dies.*

Soly. Fame in her Temple will adorn thy Shrine.
No *Roman* Glory ever equall'd thine.
Zanger, in Height of Youth, for Friendship Sake,
Did rather die than proffer'd Empire take.
I would die too, but by Revenge am staid.
Due for you both, which shall be doubly paid.
My Viziers shall be first your Sacrifice.
Nor is she safe who in my Bosom lies.
For they, without her Int'rest in the Deed,
Durst not at last have urg'd me to proceed.
[*Turns to* Mustapha.
Oh *Mustapha*! the worthy may in thee
The dang'rous State even of great Virtue see.
Thine was to all the Height and Compass grown,
That Virtue e'er could reach to get Renown:

And

And the Reward of it pernicious prov'd,
For I did puniſh thee for being lov'd.
Thy Mother was the firſt that e'er poſſeſt
By Conqueſt the Dominion of my Breaſt:
And had thy Mind been blotted and as black
As Virtue would paint Vice, yet for her Sake,
(The brighteſt Beauty, and the ſofteſt Wife)
I might, alas, at leaſt have ſav'd thy Life.
But I ſhall mourn too long; for whilſt I ſtay,
To count thy Wrongs, I thy Revenge delay. [*Exit.*

Enter Roxolana, Haly.

Rox. How, *Haly!* are you certain that my Son
Is to the Sultan's Great Pavilion gone?

Haly. *Achmat* was for him by the Sultan ſent;
And you will find him in the inner Tent.

Rox. You ſhould have brought him to conſult with me,
Ere he had known his Brother's Deſtiny.

Haly. I humbly beg, this may be rather thought
Your Servant's great Misfortune than his Fault.

Rox. Wait in my Name on the *Hungarian* Queen:
Tell her, that thoſe rude Tumults ſhe has ſeen
May ſtill increaſe, and may renew her Fear;
And therefore I would fain ſecure her here.
But ſomething, from your ſelf, you ought to ſay,
She having heard too much of *Muſtapha.* [*Exit* Haly.

[Roxolana *goes toward the Scene, where ſhe ſees* Muſtapha, *and* Zanger *with his Dagger in his Hand, and then ſhe ſtarts back.*

Both dead! O Horror! *Zanger* does appear
Arm'd againſt himſelf as his own Murderer.
This Deed Friendſhip and Pity made thee do;
But was not I thy Friend and Mother too?
That Friendſhip againſt Nature was a Crime,
Which paid me nothing and too much to him.
Though Friendſhip to a Friend thou might'ſt aſſign,
Yet, ſince I lent thee Life, that Life was mine.
Unjuſt to Nature, though to Friendſhip true,
In paying Friendſhip's Debt with Nature's Due.
Is this the laſt Reward of all the Pain
I felt, ſaving thy Life to make thee reign?
Thou haſt reveng'd (O Heaven) what I have done
With ſo much guilty Kindneſs for my Son!

Enter the Queen.

Queen. What Voice of Sorrow is alone ſo loud,
As if the Cauſe had made the Mourner proud?
For after noble *Muſtapha* is ſlain,
Who can enough without my Help complain?

Rox. Ah Queen! add to your Grief by looking there.
Zanger is dead, and his own Murderer.

Queen. Zanger! I did not think Fate could have ſhown
(After it took away my King and Throne)
Another Loſs which could a Grief impoſe
To make me weep as juſtly as for thoſe.
Why did not *Zanger* fatal Virtue lack,
Since it did higheſt Friendſhip cruel make?
Grief grows too hard for our Complaints alone,
When the World's Loſs is greater than our own.

Rox. Ah *Muſtapha!* I hither came to grieve, [*Aſide.*
That by thy Death I made my *Zanger* live,
But he too ſoon for my Offence has paid;
And, I thy Traitor, am by him betray'd.
Madam, your Tears will now injurious be;
[*Turns to the* Queen.
In Grief, as Honour, at you out-rival me.

Queen. You *Zanger* lov'd, then do not me reprove,
Grieving for two who had no Fault but Love.

Enter Haly.

Rox. Haly! If you come nearer you'll deſpiſe
All Glory, and repent that you have Eyes.

Haly. The Sultan, full of Horror, did relate
A Tragic Story of ſuch diſmal Fate,
As keeps me from approaching out of Fear
To ſee what it was Cruelty to hear.
But theſe high Sorrows are accompany'd
With others which Compaſſion fain would hide.

Rox. Will Heav'n more Weight on our Afflictions lay?

Haly. Madam, the Guards and Train of *Muſtapha*
Aſſault the Camp with their united Force,
And are aſſiſted by Prince *Zanger's* Horſe.
The Sultan arm'd againſt this ſudden Rage,
Is now advanc'd their Fury to aſſuage.

Rox. O fatal Strife where Victors nothing gain!

Haly. The Viſiers by his Order are both ſlain.

Madam,

Madam, to you, as Regent for your Son,
[*Turns to the* Queen
The Sultan does preſent th' *Hungarian* Crown.
The old *Moravian* Troops are by Command,
Prepar'd to march againſt King *Ferdinand*.
You, with your Son, may now to *Buda* go,
To meet your Friends and to purſue your Foe.
Your Reſtoration he before deſign'd,
When firſt the Empreſs with his Purpoſe join'd:
But this Diſpatch he juſtly has conſeſt
Is the Effect of *Zanger*'s laſt Requeſt.

Queen. The Looks of Gratitude ſhould chearful be;
But, *Zanger*, I am ſo oblig'd by thee,
As it Occaſion gives to make me mourn
That to the Dead I nothing can return.

Rox. Madam, the Sultan's Bounty ſtraight receive;
And, in your Abſence, truſt me here to grieve.

Queen. Madam, I'll with my Son to *Buda* go,
And my laſt Duty to his Father ſhow:
Then in a ſhady Cloiſter will remain,
And, as a fatal Mourner, ſtill complain
Of that which here both you and I have loſt,
Where Death does over Love in Triumph boaſt.
I ſhall undo my Son if I look back
On thoſe whom I unwillingly forſake;
I'm more concern'd in what I leave behind,
Than in the Joys he ſhall in *Buda* find.

Rox. Go, Madam, go, and haſten to your Throne!
Live to find *Zanger*'s Friendſhip in your Son.
Be with much Pow'r more happy than I prov'd;
Live to be fear'd, and yet continue lov'd.

Queen. I'll fly from Pow'r; but yours to the diſtreſt
Has been a Refuge, and ſhould be increaſt,
Till (when you weary grow) your Suppliants ſue
That Heav'n may be a Refuge then to you. [*They Embrace.*
[*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Haly.

Enter Zarma *at the other Door.*

Zarma. The Mufti is within, and bade me ſay,
That he is ſent to counſel you to pray.

Rox. Why doſt thou weep? I do not dying fear:
Thou griev'ſt becauſe Grief's Remedy is near.

I'll meet the Mufti, and for Death prepare:
Lead me this way, for I would ſhun Deſpair.
[*She looks backwards towards the dead Bodies, and goes from them.* [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes.

Enter Achmat, Haly.

Achm. The tortur'd Viſiers did their Guilt confeſs;
And, ere they dy'd, accus'd the Sultaneſs;
Who to their firſt Propoſal did incline;
But by ambitious *Ruſtan* the Deſign
(In hope to gain her Favour) was begun;
And was purſu'd by her to ſave her Son.

Haly. The Guards and noble Train of *Muſtapha*
Have got Renown though they have loſt the Day.

Achm. Till *Solyman* in Perſon did appear,
They in their firſt Aſſault, victorious were.
With thirty thouſand Horſe they brav'd the Field;
Of which five hundred are not left unkill'd.
He pardon'd thoſe, and pity'd their Offence;
But they ſo hated Life and lov'd the Prince,
That it was harder to preſerve thoſe few,
Than 'twas t'o'ercome the many whom we ſlew.
When Rumour (ſwift, though it flies low) had ſpread
Through all our Camp that *Muſtapha* was dead,
And that his Friends, who had that Battle fought,
Were only for his Safety hither brought.
Then the Victorious threw their Arms away,
And wept for thoſe whom they did lately ſlay.
Some, who had kill'd their Sons, more Tears did ſhed
For their own Guilt, than that their Sons were dead;
Guilt wrought by Fate, which had their Valour mov'd
Againſt that Prince whom they for Valour lov'd.

Enter Solyman, Zarma.

Haly. His Brows are full of Clouds, his Eyes of Fire;
There's dangerous Thunder near: let us retire.

[*Exeunt* Achmat, Haly.

A

A Table, with a Stumish, and a Chair upon the Stage.

Sol. Well, call her in; and do as I command.
You, with her Women, muſt be ſtill at hand.
The Mufti is of uſe let him attend. [*Exit* Zarma.
Thy Progreſs, Love, was long, but it ſhall end.
By Beauty (which does even the wiſe delude)
The valiant ever ſooneſt are ſubdu'd.
'Tis Nature's Snare, and in Defiance laid;
For when leaſt hidden we are moſt betray'd.
Beauty's fair Hand has many a mighty Name,
Too foully blotted in the Book of Fame.
Accurſed Beauty! 'tis at laſt to thee,
That famous Chiefs have ow'd their Infamy.
Oh what has it not done, and may do ſtill?

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. I come to know Heav'n's Pleaſure in your Will.
Soly. Draw nearer then! Alas! be not afraid
When 'tis too late to fear. Speak, have you pray'd?
For you have much to loſe, but more to ſave.
Have you been Penitent?
Rox. Sultan, I have.
Soly. You needed many Tears to waſh away
The Stains which have defil'd this bloody Day.
Brave *Muſtapha*, and *Zanger* too is dead;
Theſe have deſerv'd more Tears than you can ſhed,
Since all in Honour's Liſt they did excel:
But in their Cauſe full thirty thouſand fell;
And twice that Number were in Battle laid
By thoſe who did deſerve to gain the Field.
Rox. Oh, Sultan, do not give me leave to ſpeak;
But give that Heart, which loves you, leave to break!
Soly. Let it be intire a while, for my Sake, laſt.
I would not now have mention'd what is paſt,
But that 'tis Juſtice and ſome Kindneſs too
To ſhew ſufficient Cauſe for what I do,
Which elſe might cruel ſeem; for you muſt die.
Rox. When you bring Death, I will not aſk you, why?
Soly. It ſhews the civil Greatneſs of your Mind
When to your Puniſher you can be kind:
But 'twill oblige me and become you too,
More than your fatal Beauty e'er did do.

If you ſo graceſully depart from Life
As fits our Children's Mother and my Wife.
Rox. Perhaps I liv'd unworthy of your Fame,
But none ſhall *Roxelana*'s dying blame.
Yet I muſt grieve ſo as I ought to do,
When I, by leaving Life, depart from you.
Soly. You may your little Debts of Kindneſs pay;
But I muſt be oblig'd another way,
Which will be firſt by your Confeſſion ſhown:
Confeſſing not what you, but I have done.
Rox. Ah, Sir! moſt willingly I will confeſs
You found me in the Region of Diſtreſs;
A Flow'r but newly ſprung, and in the Shade,
My Growth I from your ſhining Favour had.
Soly. This is not the Confeſſion I would hear;
It ſhews untimely Gratitude or Fear;
And makes me guilty of upbraiding you,
With what Love's ſecret Pow'r did make me do:
I aim not to be told what I have done
By Love's perſuaſive Force, and but to one;
For when you lov'd me too that Debt was paid,
And Debts, diſcharg'd, none juſtly can upbraid.
Rox. Ah do not, Sir, forbid my Thankfulneſs!
Soly. You quite miſtake the thing you ſhould confeſs.
'Tis not what Love but Honour made me do
For all your Sex, and not alone for you.
Though the ſtrict Laws of *Ottoman*'s high Race
Did not allow our Sultans e'er ſhould grace
The Mothers of their Sons with Privilege
Of Marriage; yet your Sex I did oblige,
And lifted you above the Scorns of Life,
When I, by ſacred Forms, made you my Wife.
Rox. This is but mention'd to augment the Senſe,
Which you ſuſpect I want, of my Offence.
Or elſe you ſhew me that I uſeleſs grow,
Whilſt I confeſs but what the People know.
Soly. If what I did was then by Honour done,
Let me that Honour keep when you are gone.
Let me the Favour of your Sex retain:
Which ſince I juſtly did by Marriage gain,
I would not loſe it now by Death's Divorce,
Whilſt they unjuſtly think I want Remorſe;

And that my Juſtice is but Cruelty,
Becauſe my Wife does by my Sentence die.
Rox. Do but inſtruct me, *Sultan*, how I may,
In Death, for all my Life's Offences pay?
Soly. Is it not fit our Prieſthood or *Divan*
Should ſit to judge the Wife of *Solyman*.
But yet the Blood by your Ambition ſpilt,
Cries out ſo loud 'gainſt your audacious Guilt,
That now my People, Armies, and the State,
Behold your Beauty with malicious Hate;
And no Expedient e'er can ſatisfy
The Juſtice they expect unleſs you die.
You only can to Heav'n for Mercy truſt.
Rox. Sir, I will die, that they may find you juſt.
Soly But, that your Sex may ever think me ſo,
You muſt a Form of Proceſs undergo,
Which ſtrict neceſſity does make me uſe.
You muſt, under your Hand, your ſelf accuſe:
Which, as a true Record, may reſcue me
From falſe Opinions of my Cruelty.
Rox. Ah, Sultan! This Proceeding is ſevere!
Soly. You nobly ſhould your own Impeachment bear
Leſt you a ruder from your Baſſaws hear.
Go, *Roxolana*, ſit, and write it down.
[*Leads her to the Table.*
Rox. I, with my Crime, ſhall make my Duty known.
Soly. Be brief and clear, Poſterity ſhould know
The hidden Root which made your Miſchief grow.
When the firſt Cauſes we of Ills diſcern,
We ſafely and with eaſe Prevention learn.
You had your Aids in the Conſpiracy,
My Viſiers elſe had not been doom'd to die.
[*He ſteps to her whilſt ſhe is writing.*
What Form do you in your Confeſſion uſe?
Rox. Sultan? I wholly do my ſelf accuſe.
And yet the dying, ſure, may blame the Dead,
Who ſafely are by Death from Danger freed.
Beſides both they and I ſhall ſtraight appear,
Where Heav'n's juſt Monarch will the injur'd hear.
Soly. Accuſe your ſelf and let their Guilt alone.
Rox. If the Contrivance was by them begun,

May

May I not make of Truth peculiar Uſe
And Crimes extenuate when I ſhun Excuſe?
Soly. Already is your whole Contrition ſpent?
Leave off if you unwillingly repent.
[*He offers to take up the Paper, She riſes and holds it aſide.*
Rox. Forgive me, Sultan, and I will proceed.
Soly. Oh Heav'n! when ſhe ſo much does Pardon need,
Can I deny it and endure to live?
I cannot be forgiv'n, if I forgive,
So much her Crime all Mercy does exceed;
For *Muſtapha* and *Zanger* too is dead.
Make haſte! write fully your Ambition down
In changing the Succeſſion of my Crown.
Rox. Pardon the Tears I on the Paper ſhed!
If I have written what you cannot read.
Soly. Forgive her, Heav'n! here take my Handkerchief,
Diſpatch! why do you pauſe?
Rox. I'll haſten, Sir. [*She riſes again.*
But whilſt I now my Crime at full expreſs,
Let me a little ſpeak in much Diſtreſs.
Soly. Your time forbids the Tedioufneſs of Grief:
Complain not when you cannot have Relief.
Yet you may ſpeak. Take courage, but be brief.
Rox. Sir, this Confeſſion a Record muſt be
To ſave you from imputed Cruelty.
Heav'n give you, Sir, an everlaſting Fame,
And Heav'n perſuade you to prevent my Shame.
I have but little through Ambition done;
Nature did more, and 'twas to ſave my Son.
Soly. What did myſterious Nature make you do?
Could you at once be kind and cruel too?
Farewel, you are relaps'd, worſe than before.
Rox. Sultan, I'll write, and I will ſpeak no more.
[*She ſits down again.*

Enter Haly.

Haly. Sultan, I ſhew my Duty in my haſte;
For with new Clouds your Camp is overcaſt:
The bloody Buſ'neſs of this fatal Day
Grows bloodier ſince the Death of *Muſtapha*.
The Janizaries, by their *Aga* led,
Accuſe the Empreſs and demand her Head.
[Roxolana *riſes and ſeems diſordered.*

They

They have their Grievance by their *Aga* ſent,
And he attends at the Entrance of your Tent.
Soly. They truſt my yielding, but ſhall feel my Force.
Bid *Achmat* face them with my *Syrian* Horſe.
You muſt your beſt Diſguiſe of Friendſhip wear,
And meet the *Aga* with the Looks of Fear.
Call him to Council, and diſorder'd ſeem;
And when he is admitted, ſtrangle him. [*Exit* Haly.
Theſe threatning Tumults only dang'rous are
To Monarchs who dare leſs than Subjects dare.
[*Goes to* Roxolana.
Sit down! is your Confeſſion finiſh'd yet?
Rox. Sultan, it is.
Soly. I'll read what you have writ.
[*She kneeling gives him the Paper.*
Rox. Sir, now I feel the Torments of true Fear,
Becauſe your Dangers great as mine appear.
Give to rude Hands the Life which I muſt loſe,
If you defend it, you your own expoſe.
Soly. No, *Roxolana*, you ſhall calmly die.
You ſhall find Juſtice, but no Cruelty.
Your Women wait without; the Mufti too:
What muſt be done they decently ſhall do.

Enter Haly *and kneels.*

Haly. The ſudden Tempeſt ſuddenly is paſt. [*She riſes.*
No Clouds can long before your Luſtre laſt.
With Tears the Janizaries now implore
That Favour which their Rage diſdain'd before.
Sir, *Achmat* for the *Aga*'s Life does ſue;
Which he repriev'd to have it ſav'd by you:
It will a Triumph to the Army give,
Who are with Grief ſubdu'd.
Soly. Go, let him live. [*Exit* Haly.
Rox. Ah, *Solyman!* ſhall ſhe who heretofore,
Still with Succeſs, for others did implore,
Be now deny'd when for herſelf ſhe ſues?
I beg not what I ought, Sir, to refuſe
If it were granted, your Conſent to live.
Oh take my Life, but my Offence forgive.
Soly. Oh why did Heav'n ſuch perfect Beauty make,
Yet let ſuch beauteous things Perfection lack?

Love

Love againſt Juſtice in my Boſom ſtrives
Let Juſtice pardon Love what Love forgives.
Riſe, *Roxolana*, you ſhall Mercy find. [*He takes her up.*
But as when you were cruel you were kind,
So I will Deeds by your Example do;
For I will now be kind and cruel too.

Rox. Heav'n which begins to take your Clouds away,
Will from departing Night make break of Day.

Soly. I give you Life, and I forgive your Crime;
Yet in this Kindneſs I ſhall cruel ſeem.

Rox. Oh ſtay, Sir, and but hear what I'll implore.

Soly. Your Doom is ſeal'd. I'll never ſee you more.

Rox. Ah, Sir, you gave what I can ne'er enjoy;
What you preſerv'd you inſtantly deſtroy.

Soly. Zarma! Call all to look on my Remorſe;
And then be Witneſſes of our Divorce.

Enter Zarma, *four of* Roxolana's *Ladies,* Achmat, Haly, *the three Attendants of* Muſtapha *and* Zanger, *eight of Guard, and ſix Pages. The Number on the Stage being now Twenty Four.*

Take with your Life perpetual Baniſhment.
Long may you live that you may much repent:
But from my ſight be ſtill ſo far remov'd,
As I may quite forget I ever lov'd.

Rox. Ah, Sultan, do but hear what I can ſay!

Soly. Oh Cruelty, you kill me if you ſtay.

Rox. I'll but Forgiveneſs beg for Love and Grief,
Since both offend you when they ſeek Relief.

Soly. Oh, Heav'n! ſtill will you ſpeak?

Rox. Sir, I'll depart.
And at your Feet leave a forſaken Heart. [*Exit.*

Soly. Farewel for ever, and to Love farewel!
I'll lock my Boſom up where Love did dwell!
I will to Beauty ever ſhut my Eyes,
And be no more a Captive by ſurpriſe:
But Oh, how little I eſteem a Throne,
When Love the Ornament of Pow'r is gone!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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